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THE FISHER'S DAUGHTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY O. ROMULUS BEERS.

Down on a little pendent rock,
That bore the name of Silman's Dock,
Sat little Mary, with a light
(A guide to Silman's boat by night).
Below her feet the swelling tide
Splashed mournfully on every side,
And o'er her head the sable cloud
Pealed out its thunder long and loud;
Yet 'mid this gathering, dreary gloom,
She watched for father's coming home.

The light was seen far out from shore
And safely guided Silman's oar,
Who rowed with all his might and main
To gain the shore e'er fell the rain;
When suddenly he saw the light
Wave out the signal of affright:
Then did his boat bound o'er the wave,
His daughter's life perhaps to save,
Or some life else—he did not know—
For still the light waved to and fro.

On, on, he sped, no time to spare—
When in the lightning's vivid glare
Her father's boat brave Mary spied,
And with a shrill, loud voice she cried:
"The old wood bridge is all afloat!
Steer for the shore! pull hard the boat!"
He puiled with all his strength for shore;
Too strong, alas! he broke his oar.
Down came the bridge, plank, beam, and spile—
"Throw me the painter!" cried the child—
Whiz came the rope and struck the sand,
And soon was in brave Mary's hand.

"Quick!" cried the father, "make it fast,
The bridge is almost here!" Alas!
It struck the boat, and 'neath the wave
Was plunged that little soul so brave;
The father heard the cry and splash,
And by the lightning's vivid flash
He saw his child, still with the rope,
'Mid angry waves try hard to cope;
He leaves his boat, mounts plank and spile,
Determined now to save his child;
And in the water with a bound
He leaps—no voice, nor sound.
"My God!" he cries, "my child is drowned!"

He swims about, then gains the land
And falls exhausted on the sand;
But suddenly 'mid splash and roar
He heard a voice far down the shore:
"My father's lost forever more!"
He raised himself and quickly ran
To where the child stood, *rope in hand*,
And moored in safety by her side
The boat lay rocking with the tide:
He clasped his child and kissed her cheek,
Too proud, too happy far, to speak,
And so his Mary bears a name
More proud than e'er was won by fame.

ERIE TEMPLETON.

A STORY OF MYSTERY AND PASSIONATE LOVE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL,
AUTHOR OF "A LAST LIFE," "BERTHA," "GILDED MISERY," "THE TANGLED WEB," "LOVE IN A MIST," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.
SUICIDE!

After her unusual watchfulness and deep draughts of her chosen nepenthe, Erie slept very late. It was noon when she was awakened by the loud knocking of her nurse for admission. She arose, brushed back the tangled locks from her pallid brow, bathed her eyes for a few moments, and then, unlocking the door, demanded why she was thus disturbed.

"The master!" was the reply; and upon Erie's looking round she saw that the hall was filled with servants, with long and anxious faces.

"Well, what of the master, and why have you gathered in this unseemly manner?"

They shrank back, each striving to get behind the other, when her eyes rested upon them—the most forward of a moment before suddenly becoming timid, and leaving the old nurse, her favorite, to make the explanation that was upon every tongue.

"The master has not come down yet," was the answer of the excited old woman.

"Is there anything so very strange in that? Because he chooses to sleep a few hours later than usual, is that any reason why you must come thundering at my door? Begone to your places! And you, nurse, come into my room and tell me more of this, if indeed you have any excuse to offer for your strange conduct. You, of all others, should have known better."

The old woman followed Erie, and summoned courage to reply:

"The master is always up with the dawn, and now it is past twelve. The groom has had his horse ready for two good hours, and his valet has knocked at the door of his bedchamber again and again without receiving an answer."

"Well?"

"And he had made an appointment, and given strict directions that he should not be permitted to forget it on any account; and we began to be very much worried, and ——"

"Where was he going?"

"To the graveyard, and ——"

"To the graveyard? Mercy!" and she clasped her hands over her heart and sank into a chair. Her she presently recovered, and continued: "*He* make an appointment to go to the graveyard!"

"Yes, Miss Erie; and as he did not keep it ——"

"Oh, he will keep it."

"And we could not arouse him, no matter how hard we pounded upon the door or shouted his name. We talked the matter over, and——"

"He might be dead, and I a widow!" and her eyes flashed with a triumphant gleam, and her face lighted with gladness.

The old woman was too intent upon her story to notice the great change, and resumed where she had been interrupted.

"That it would be best to let you know, and learn what was to be done."

"Come along with me, and I will see if I cannot awaken him."

With a resolute step, Erie passed through the hall until she reached the door of her husband's room; but her head trembled violently, and all her courage appeared to have forsaken her when she was about to knock. The nurse attributed it to the same fear that had seized upon herself and fellow-servants, and in the kindness of her heart whispered:

"Let me knock, Miss Erie."

But Erie's color turned away with a blanched face, though she was soon able to assist in the summons and to call loudly.

But neither hand nor voice brought any reply. They tried again and again, and were about to give it up, when Doctor Parsons unexpectedly made his appearance, and asked in querulous tones:

"What's all this the dumbheads downstairs are talking about, Erie? Leavett too lazy to get up, and all sorts of wild rumors scaring them out of what little sense they have."

"That we cannot arouse him is certain," replied Erie. "Farther than that I cannot go."

"Pshaw! How could a woman like you expect to do anything with such delicate fingers—couldn't make more noise than a mosquito. Stand out of the way! One blow of my fist, though fist will make him jump out of bed, if there's any life left in him."

The Doctor thundered upon the door as if he would break it down, first with his hand and then with his heavy boots, but without any better result than those who had preceded him. Then he asked:

"Can you find a key that will unlock the door, nurse?"

"No, sir. There is one in the lock now."

"So there is. Is there any other door to the apartment?"

"No, sir."

"Then bring me an axe. We will soon know what this means, Erie, my child, you had better retire to your room. I will come and see you presently."

"I shall stay and learn for myself," she replied lowly, but firmly.

"Be advised by me, and do not."

He saw that, though very pale, she did not appear to be laboring under more excitement than would have been expected, and he ordered the man who had brought an axe to chop down the door. In a moment the panel was sufficiently cut away to permit a hand to be crowded through and the key to be turned. Then the door was swung open and the Doctor entered, followed by the others. The windows were closed, the curtains drawn—all of external air excluded. The lamp was still burning dimly, and a faint, sickening odor filled the room—one that to the physician was the precursor of a bad state of affairs.

"Roll up the curtains, throw up the sashes, and let in air and light instantly!" was his first command; and as soon as he had been obeyed, he stepped towards the bed, picked up a bottle that was standing upon a little table, read the label, and exclaimed:

"Good heavens! Morriate of morphine! Enough to have killed a dozen men."

Erie took the bottle, glanced at the druggist's label, smelt of it as if to satisfy herself, and then, pointing to a glass that was partially filled with wine, said:

"That was the medium."

The old man gave no attention to her words. He was busy examining the corpse, and muttering from between his compressed lips:

"It is strange, very strange, that so cowardly a man should commit suicide. The provocation must have been very great. Erie, go at once to your room. This is no place for you, poor child."

"He be, then, indeed dead?" she gasped.

"Yes, and has been for some hours. But what is the use of your asking me such questions, with your knowledge of medicine?"

"It appears impossible."

"Look, and satisfy yourself."

"I cannot—dare not."

"What! are you afraid at last?" he asked incredulously, though instantly changing his tone. "But it is not to be wondered at. Three deaths—all sudden—in one house in so short a time—two by the good Lord only knows what, and the other—well, we will say by suicide. No; it is not to be wondered at that you should tremble even at the thought, and refuse to look at a corpse, especially that of your husband."

"You have no doubt that 'twas suicide?" with every muscle strained, and eyes almost fixed in their sockets.

"As far as I am now able to see, there can be no other judgment."

"Thank Heaven!"

"For what?" he asked sharply.

"That this death, at least, is not a mysterious one."

"Yet the reason for the act certainly is. But I must insist upon your leaving."

"There can be no possibility of his being in a trance? Such things, you know, have happened, and been produced by powerful narcotics."

"As I said before, look and see."

She was standing with her back to the bed. With a desperate effort she turned slowly around, and was face to face with the corpse. For a single instant she stood transfixed—incapable of motion. Then she staggered a little, grasped at something for support, her hand clutched the clammy one of the dead, and, with a terrible scream, she fled from the apartment.

The Doctor commanded the nurse to follow her, and then bade the man close and guard the door while he made a hasty examination. That finished, he turned away with a heavy heart, locked up the apartment, put the key in his pocket, told the gaping servants their master was dead and the house must be perfectly quiet, and that he would see their mistress and make arrangements for the funeral.

"My poor child," he said to Erie, whom he found lying upon the bed, stupefied with grief, with the nurse bathing her head and trying to utter words of consolation. "My poor child, this is indeed a heavy blow. The Lord has visited this house severely with affliction, but he chasteneth those whom he loves."

"Does He love me?" she asked, without even opening her eyes.

"Yes, my daughter. But another time I will talk to you on this subject. One word now of him who is gone. Was he in the habit of taking morphine even in small quantities?"

"I do not know—I know nothing of his habits. It might very likely have been."

"Had your associations been pleasant with him of late?"

"Yes."

She hesitated whether or not to tell him of their passage-at-arms with regard to Markman; but the subject was too dear to mention, and she held her peace.

"I am glad, very glad of it, Erie. The recollection will be a comfort to you. And—but I must not further intrude upon you at this time. I will take all care from you, my dear child. Do not trouble yourself in the least. I am forced to go away now, but will return very soon. I have given directions that the house should be kept quiet, so as not to disturb you."

"Will there be any examination?"

"No. What for? The cause of death is too plain. It would only be a mockery, and I always respect the feelings of the living when possible. My heart bleeds for you, my poor child, so young and a widow."

The last word was all she appeared to have heard. She turned her face away from him, and murmured softly again and again, "A widow," as if the consolation she sought was to be found in that single thought.

Very much to the surprise of Doctor Parsons, he found Markman seated in his own house and talking to his wife.

"What!" he exclaimed, "back again so soon?"

"Yes," was the réply; "but your words would seem to imply that I am not welcome."

"Never was man more so. But I have sad news for you, Doctor."

"Is Erie—Mrs. Leavett ——" and his cheeks blanched.

"She is a widow. God pity her!"

"A widow!"

"Her husband died last night—killed himself with morphine."

"A widow?" And Markman arose and walked to the window to conceal his emotions—very different ones from what Doctor Parsons fancied were busy with his heart.

"Yes; and all alone in the world now."

"How does she bear the blow?" asked his wife, for their guest remained silent.

"She is wild with grief, and I fear may suffer as she did after the death of her child."

"With brain-fever?"

"Yes. It is the curse of such organizations. We" (to Markman) "must do what we can to avert it."

"Sir?"

"What! dreaming, man! I was saying that Erie might have another attack of brain-fever, and you must assist me in her care."

"Certainly," and Markman became entirely reticent—said nothing more until he was summoned to go to the house of mourning.

Without any previous consultation, the two physicians went directly to the chamber of the dead man and examined the corpse. But it was a very superficial one, upon the part of Markman, until the back of the other was turned. Then he rolled the body upon its face, removed the clothing from the upper part of the spine, muttered "I thought so," and, hastily restoring it to its former position, went into the parlor and sent his card up to Erie. Not that he expected to see her, but that she would think it strange if he visited the house and was not informed of the fact.

In a short time the old nurse came tottering down with a request for him to remain, as her mistress desired to see him.

"How is she?" he asked.

"Very low, sir, very bad. I hope you can give her some quieting medicine, sir."

"I will see. Tell her to take her own time. I am in no hurry."

For at least an hour he sat alone—sat in the same room, in the same chair she had occupied when he had stolen the last kiss that was to him the sweetest on earth. How well he remembered it all! How more than beautiful she had looked as she lay with her face upturned, her head drooped back, and her bright hair streaming to the floor. That picture would never fade from his heart, and he was still under its influence when the door softly opened, and Erie stood before him, dressed in the deepest mourning, with her face as white as the new-fallen snow, so colorless that she appeared a corpse robed in sables!

With a slow, faltering step she advanced to meet him, clasped the hand he offered, and whispered more warmly than was befitting the occasion:

"Doctor."

"Erie."

"Doctor, you have heard all?"

"Yes. It is very sad."

"And that he died by his own act, premeditated, or through carelessness or want of knowledge?"

"Possibly."

"And it leaves me a widow."

Her eyes were fixed upon his face, her own flushed crimson. She tottered a step nearer towards him, flung her arms wildly around his neck, and with a great cry fell upon his breast.

CHAPTER XXIII.
WORKING IN THE DARK.

Marvin Leavett was buried. There was nothing unusual about the ceremony except that Erie insisted that the funeral should be public—that a general notice should be given—that it should be ostentatious rather than otherwise.

To this, on account of her husband having come to his death by his own act, the old Doctor objected. But his wife reasoned with him—told him that it was but the natural result of her sorrow and remorse for not having treated him better during his lifetime—that it was best to let Erie have her own way—and as she was abundantly able, it might occasion remark if he was entombed with any attempt at privacy.

But if the gossips could not find material in the funeral itself, they did in the cause of it; for there was not the slightest concealment of the fact that the death of Marvin Leavett had resulted from an overdose of morphine, and there were plenty base enough to insinuate that it had been administered by the hand of his wife.

The testimony of the old physician was entirely against this. He asserted that such a thing would have been impossible, that the room was so locked no one could have entered, and that the empty bottle found was prima-facie evidence that Leavett had committed the rash act. In addition to this was the testimony of the girl who had cleared the table after he had eaten a late lunch in the evening. She remembered noticing that he appeared very much depressed in spirits, also the peculiar odor of the drug, and that he had taken a glass of wine to his room (a thing she did not remember of his doing before), and this alone would appear positive proof that he had premeditated self-destruction.

As a matter of course, Markman (who appeared to have become a fixture at the house of Doctor Parsons) heard the malicious gossip, and, though he did not mention it to Erie, set about clearing her name from every breath of slander. In this he was active not alone for her, but also for himself. There had been no words spoken between them on the subject—they would scarcely have dared to do so with the grave of the husband yet unsodded. But they felt the day was not far distant when they would be bound by the dearest tie of earth; and how could he claim, in the face of the world, a bride of whom it might be whispered "Murderess?"

But he would not shock her feelings by the slightest intimation of such a thing. She should know nothing of it until all was made clear as sunshine—the guilt of the culprit (if there was one) fully established. So, as soon as the house had settled into its accustomed routine after the funeral, he wrote a letter to his acting partner in the city. It was brief, and ran thus:

CHARLES GODFREY, M. D.—*My Dear Doctor.*—Send Williams to me. I will meet him at the depot, and instruct him in his role. Have him arrange matter, so as to be absent a month if necessary.

Yours, ALBERT MARKMAN.

This, excepting the name of the place and date and a check, was all it contained; and unless that Williams was a keen detective, it would scarcely have occasioned a second thought. In due time he received an answer: "Wednesday noon.—W." Only that, but he was satisfied, and set about smoothing the way.

In this both Doctor Parsons and Erie unconsciously aided him. The management of the business of the estate had for some time been left exclusively to Leavett, and an investigation showed the books to be in a "glorious state of disorder." The young widow would not attempt to make them straight if she could—the old Doctor could not if he would; so they asked Markman for aid. He laughed at the idea of being an accountant, said he didn't know enough to keep his own books—even from borrowers—that he always found his cash short, and ended by recommending a friend of his—one Williams—as a clear-headed and practical man.

"Then send for him, by all means," said the old Doctor. "Two such fools as we are with regard to figures would only make a greater muddle. I never had brains enough to master the multiplication table, let alone interest, discount, and that kind of trash."

So Williams (strange that men in his business appear to have but one name) came, was met according to agreement by Markman, and introduced into the house in the character of a bookkeeper—a position early education had qualified him to fill, and one which permitted him to remain without the slightest questioning—to work up the case at leisure, and watch the entire household unobserved.

To one unacquainted with men of his profession it would little have been believed he had any other object than bringing order out of chaos in the accounts of Marvin Leavett. But it would have puzzled the servants to know what a bookkeeper was prowling about the house at midnight for—trying this door and that—seeing whether they could be unlocked from the outer air by means of instruments—and why he removed and secreted the particular key that locked the room occupied by Marvin Leavett upon the night of his death. And they might have thought it strange, also, had they known that upon more than one occasion he had gained the entry to the kitchen in the disguise of Tenuton or Milesian, under pretense of getting "a coal for his pipe," and that his visits had been so timed as to be overtaken by a severe storm which forced him to remain and listen to the gossip about family matters. And even still more, had they heard him (still in disguise) pumping the aged sexton; and certainly would they have thought him a snake in the grass when they saw him "rummaging around" through the drawers of their mistress, and the closets, during her temporary absence.

Yes, a very queer, prying, impudent bookkeeper indeed, and little, if any, better than a thief.

But they knew nothing of these proceedings, and only saw him as he sat poring over ledger and blotter and day-book, when they brought him his meals or when indulging in a brisk morning walk, and knew nothing of the telegraphic lightning that ticked to and brought back messages from the city, and always in cipher.

They saw only a middle-sized, wiry man, with sharp eyes, a smoothly shaved, determined face, with hair slightly discolored by years—with a pleasant smile and always a kind word for everyone—a man who gave them the least possible trouble, and evidently had learned the rare faculty of minding his own business and keeping his tongue under restraint. And as such he was a great favorite in the house, and permitted to take more liberties unsuspected than would otherwise have been the case. So he plodded along, apparently contented with his daily work, and never so happy as when puzzling his brain with finding out how figures could get into such confusion.

Between him and Markman very little passed. The Doctor knew his man well, had often seen him in circumstances calculated to test his ability to the utmost; and when he had placed him in possession of the facts (all but his interview with the dead man), and the fires consuming them. Passion would force the tongue to utterance; and until then neither would be at ease, and, much as they restrained their feelings, they yet found themselves drifting towards the precipice—staggering on toward fate.

And this the business of Markman hastened. He had been absent from duty for a full month—could stay no longer without losing caste, as well as future success in his profession, and was forced to prepare for departure. But could he do so without opening his heart to Erie—hearing from her own sweet lips how very dear he was to her, and sealing upon them the pledge of love returned? He would have been a cold lover indeed, had he done so, and he pictured their mutual happiness when united to separate no more while life remained.

With more of nervous excitement than would have been thought possible, Markman left the house of the old Doctor early one morning. Do what he would, he could not remain quietly there, as it appeared to him the old couple read his secret. It was not his intention, however, to go to the Templeton mansion until he knew his darling was ready to receive him. But he chanced to think of Williams, with whom he had not conversed for more than a week; and, wondering how he was succeeding with his double labors, resolved to kill time and gratify his curiosity by making him a call.

The detective already had a visitor—a gruff, powerful man. But he was just leaving, and the physician failed to receive an introduction, though he heard his final words:

"To-night."

"Say at seven. That will be the most interesting time," replied Williams, with a smile that sorely puzzled the Doctor.

"I will be ready," and the stranger man passed out.

"Who was that?" questioned Markman.

"A friend."

"Ah! Well, how do you get along?"

"My work is done."

"Which do you mean, the accounts or the other matter?"

"Both. Within twenty-four hours you shall know all."

"I am very glad. Why not tell me now, Williams?"

"Men of my profession always have a good reason for their actions."

"Well, take your time."

"Besides, I have a surprise for you. I presume you will not leave until evening?"

"No; as I return to town early in the morning."

The Doctor turned from the room, and sauntered through the long hall into the parlor. As he neared it he heard the piano, and the voice of Erie singing. Never before had music sounded so sweetly to him—never had he seen her looking more beautiful than when she arose, came forward, and welcomed him, stretching out both her delicate hands. A mad impulse seized him. He was powerless to resist, and, pressing her to his heart, he covered her lips with kisses.

"My darling, my life, my love, forgive me!" he murmured, as he drew her to a sofa and seated himself by her side. "I could not resist the temptation; and why should I, when all must soon be told? To-morrow I must leave you for a time, but before then should have told you all. But, dearest, your eyes convince me that you already know—may Heaven bless you for it!—my great love is more than returned. Speak, Erie. Is it not so?"

There was no answer in words—was no need of any, for love has an unwritten language of its own, more eloquent than words.

The little silver filagree clock upon the mantel rang out the hours, but they failed to notice them. In the midst of their most delicious dreams—when they thought but of the future as Elysium—when heart was throbbing against heart, hand clasped in hand, and lip burning against lip—when such vows were uttered as only angel ears are fitted to listen to—the doors suddenly opened, and the detective and his visitor entered.

"What means this intrusion?" demanded Markman, as he sprang up with flushed face and clenched fists.

"It is simply the surprise I told you I had in store for you," replied Williams, and at the same time stepping forward and snapping a pair of handcuffs upon the white wrists of Erie!

"Great God! What do you mean?"

"I arrest her for the murder of mother-in-law, child and husband."

"By what authority?"

"By mine," replied the stranger. "I am Sheriff of the county."

"O my God!"

Markman dared not glance at Erie, saw that he had himself prepared the trap, and with a groan of anguish fell heavily to the floor.

CHAPTER XXIV.
THE VITAL POINT.

No; Markman dared not look at Erie, and his fainting saved him the terrible infliction. Had he been obliged to do so, he would have seen that all her beauty had disappeared; that she was more like a corpse than a living being. But he never saw her again, either alive or dead. She carried away and she taken to her own room, preparatory to being removed to prison.

And there she lay, still clad in her almost regal attire, in apparent insensibility, with her nurse weeping wildly over her, and the old Doctor (who had been instantly summoned) listening to the story of the detective, who, had he known the prisoner was watching him from under her closed lids, and listening to every word, would have kept silent.

"From the very first," he said, "I felt convinced that Markman was wrong. His theory was that the old nurse had committed the murders in order to become possessed of her share of the property, which my lady had foolishly told should be hers. To do this she would have been obliged to complete the work of destruction by killing her mistress also. It scarcely required the eyes of a detective, however, to determine that she had neither nerve nor knowledge to do such things in so scientific a way. She managed to control herself before Markman when her arm rested upon his in passing from room to room, yet it was with difficulty (if the lamps were unlighted in the hall), and a sigh of relief escaped her when they were again flooded with light.

"To administer the fatal, powerful narcotics, she was a stranger. The greater portion of each night was passed in walking her chamber. With the dawn she sought her bed, to awake about noon, hollow-eyed and ghastly—to refresh herself by every known means, and prepare to meet her lover with a smiling lip, rosy complexion, sparkling eyes, and undimmed brow. Markman wondered at never seeing her in the morning, he attributed it to her recent bereavement—her nervous condition—and prescribed accordingly. But the thought was quickly banished by her presence. Doubt could not long exist where love so reigned. And two such as theirs could not long conceal the fires consuming them. Passion would force the tongue to utterance; and until then neither would be at ease, and, much as they restrained their feelings, they yet found themselves drifting towards the precipice—staggering on toward fate.

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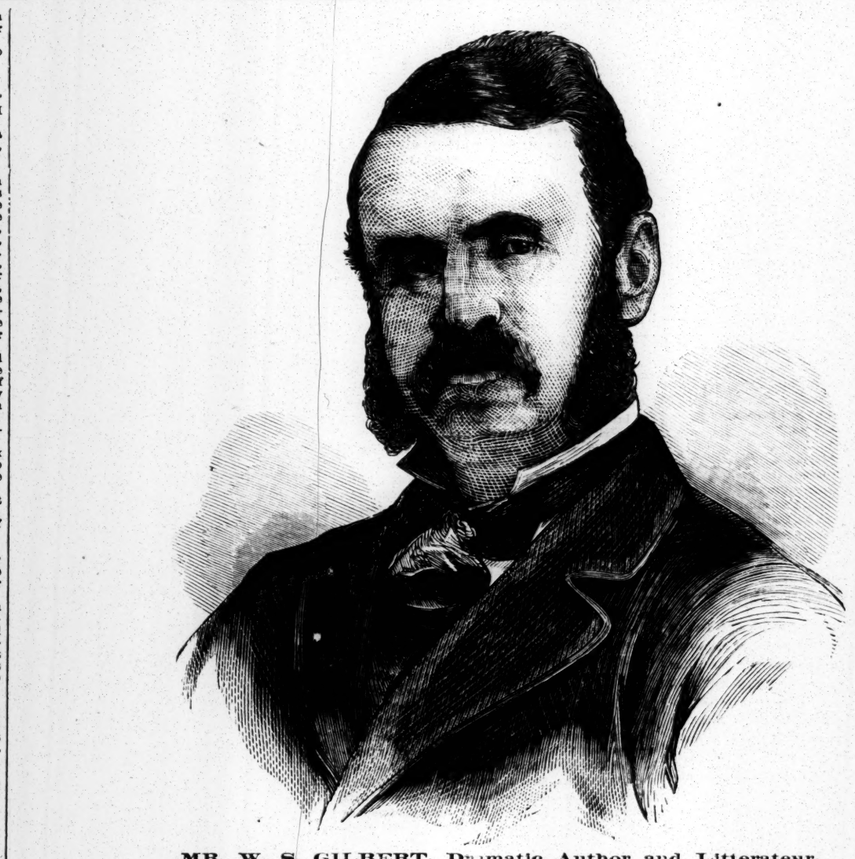

MR. W. S. GILBERT, Dramatic Author and Litterateur.

pleasure of seeing a woman dangling by the neck! Had I been disposed to do such an act, I should long since have been beyond your power."

Still they hesitated—knew not what to do. But the request was a plausible one, and she shamed them into granting it, by saying:

"Cannot you three strong men watch one poor, weak woman? For shame! You cannot imagine I would attempt to kill myself with a comb? That is all the instrument I wish."

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It was placed in her hands—she held it to her nostrils as if faint, and they could see a drooping of lash and quivering of lid. But while doing so she loosened a false bottom, drew out a tiny vial, and dashed the contents down her throat, gasping:

"*Prussic acid!*"

They stood transfixed with horror, as her face became ghastly, tortured, and she fell to the floor, muttering:

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A harmless lunatic, he was permitted to wander at will—haunted the grounds of the Templetons—stood by unmoved and saw the house burned to the ground—searched through garden and forest and graveyard with but one thought, and that was for his lost love.

But as if in kindness for his sufferings and loss of reason, his life was cut short. When the snow fell for the second time upon the grave of the murderess, it sifted gently upon his also. In his latest moments his brain appeared to be somewhat cleared from its darkness—he knew those around him, and whispered:

"Erie, my love, I am going to meet you—meet you, darling, in heaven!"

Would he find her there?

THE END.

O'ER THE BAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BOBBY NEWCOMB.

It was a pleasant day when we started,
Though the wind ran rather high,
While the breeze seemed freshening every hour,
And the sailors scanned the sky.
The ship was the Starlight, from London to Hull,
A craft well known to the trade,
And was better liked for her strength and build
Than for any great speed she'd made.

Her captain was jolly, and almost as large
As Magog of giant fame;
Was brown as a nut and tough as a pine,
And roared like the raging main;
He joked at the table, but scolded on deck:
Was merry, then cross as sin—
Though with all on board was on pretty good terms
By night, when we all turned in.

The Starlight rolled and pitched along
As the night passed drearily by,
And the wind seemed doing its utmost to blow
Our ship from water to sky;
As I lay in my bunk I thought of a face
That perhaps I should never see more,
And I kissed the sweet token—a bright golden tress—
That she gave me when I left the shore.

I thought of the friends that bade me farewell,
Of their cheery good-bye and pull it—
When crash! for a moment my senses were gone—
Then I knew that our vessel had struck.
Crash! A shriek, then up rose a cry
That was heard 'mid the roar of the wave,
That dashed like a demon to carry us all
Down, down to a watery grave.

A second's pause, then crash! again.
Far above the ocean's roar
Could be heard the sound of the captain's voice,
That we felt we should never hear more;
His voice again—then a rushing of feet
In the dark—hope gleamed like a star.
One crash! Heave away—the danger was past,
And the Starlight rode safe o'er the bar.

B. RIDGES-ISMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

It is no use trying to avert a calamity. Sooner or later it will come crashing and tearing, destroying everything and playing the deuce generally. We might get behind a fence to dodge the horns of an angry bovine, might pass unscathed through the ordeal of yellow fever, or we might dodge paying a little bill by prevaricating; but who ever heard of a way by which one might escape his mother-in-law? One might escape facial punctuation by promiscuous smallpox; might escape the ravages of cholera, mumps and measles; might escape death by drowning, hanging or suicide; but there is no earthly use in talking about escaping your wife's mother.

To my mind—and I have had considerable experience—the average mother-in-law is the most diabolical fraud ever perpetrated upon a truly loyal, peaceloving people. She is the very quintessence of all that is contemptible—a battering-ram in human form, a hybrid malformation—a cross between a red-headed woman with the seven-year itch and "a yaller dorg." A *good*, wholesome, comfortable mother-in-law is a rare gem, and one found only once or twice in a lifetime. I have a good one, and I have thanked my stars so often for it that I am really ashamed to be seen on my knees. And I would advise all those (they are precious few, I can tell you) who are possessed of the good kind to cling to them through thick and thin, through darkness and daylight, even if it necessitates marrying through the whole family.

There have been more actual crimes committed, more whiskey drunk, and more peaceful homes knocked into cocked hats and busted all to smash by cantankerous mothers-in-law, than from any other cause you can think of. To my personal knowledge there have been more young men thrown from the loftiest altitudes of popular esteem to the lowermost depths of poverty and infamy by these peripatetic guillotines, than from drinking rot-gut whiskey. I weep and shudder when I think of the great day when mothers-in-law will be stood up in a row and receive their just and deserved punishment. It will be a glorious day for sons-in-law, but I pity the second-story mothers.

And my opinion of these gentle creatures was not at all enhanced by witnessing the little adventure I am going to relate.

My friend Guthrie has been married long enough for the honeymoon to have taken in its horns. Guth and I were classmates at college, had linked our arms on the campus, bummed together whilst sowing our oats; hence he was glad to see me, and made me promise to call and sup with him. But had poor Guth dreamt of the sad and woeful disaster that befell him like a thunderclap that night, he would have died before asking me to call. But as he did not suspect the unexpected arrival of his wife's fond mother, she pressed me so hard that I went.

We were quietly seated around the table, and I was in the midst of an eloquent eulogy on the superior rolls and preserves of Mrs. Guthrie, when the foul marauder was announced. I remarked the dark frown as it crawled over the countenance of mine host, but I laid low and watched the progress of affairs.

Mrs. Guthrie kissed her mother any number of times and plied her with any number of questions concerning the health of Aunt Martha, and if Tilda Ann's baby had got through teething yet, and when the old black pullet was going to set again, besides a strict inquiry into the matrimonial prospects of all the girls down in Jonesboro. To all of these questions, Mrs. Dingboy (Mrs. Dingboy is the name of the heroine of this thrilling romance) gave short and positive answers, and from the emphatic, crabbed manner in which she talked, it was plain to Mrs. Guthrie that something was the matter with her ma, and to avert such a calamity as a lecture to her poor husband in the presence of a stranger, she introduced foreign subjects upon which to dilate. The more Mrs. Guthrie plied her questions, darker grew the cloud on Mrs. Dingboy's countenance. Finally the ice for the grand spectacular tragedy was given. The subject of fashion—the prevailing style of Winter bonnets—came up, and then Mrs. Dingboy unbuckled her eyebrows, mustered her courage and let fly her tongue. Poor Mrs. Guthrie had, in an unguarded moment, written a week ago to her mother, telling her that Guth was unable to give her a new bonnet this Winter. The mention of this trifling matter would not have aroused the sleeping wrath in the bosom of her ma, had she suppressed the paragraph hanging upon the pleasure of seeing a woman dangling by the neck! Had I been disposed to do such an act, I should long since have been beyond your power."

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1875.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information regarded only through this department; no answers by mail.

J. C., Adrian.—"An upright cone, twenty feet in diameter at base and sixty feet high, has a grapevine growing around it from bottom to top, the coils being just six inches apart all the way. How long is the vine? I would like you to let me know how to get at this in a mathematical way, to work it out, and also the easiest and shortest way to".... This puzzle is familiar as it was sounded to thousands, who will perhaps be surprised at the assertion that it cannot be solved by any process, algebraic or arithmetical, is but another instance of defective problematizing, and as such may be assigned a place alongside of the usual incorrect method of putting the well-worn case of the number of trains that will be met in a journey from San Francisco to this city, or that of the equally venerable conundrum as to firing off a cannon-ball from the rear of a lightninger press in motion. This "grapevine twist" is infinitely worse than the Irishman's house. It was merely extremely difficult to catch, and of little value when caught. This, besides being of no value whatever, cannot be caught in the least. "Sich a rope, but there is not rope enough of it to make a lasso. Doubtless, our friend in Adrian intended to suggest by these intervals in a length of sixty feet that there must necessarily be a certain number of coils; but this number would be increased or lessened, according as the vine is as slender as a human hair or is six inches thick. For every vine, and, also, add one U (old style), a Latin word is formed. Any theologian can define Latin words for you. We are unequal to the task.

W. S., Jersey City.—1. It was towards evening when the Crystal Palace, in this city, was burned. 2. When a player is called at draw-poker, after the draw, he cannot bet again on that hand, except by consent of his antagonists.

Hatter, Morrisville.—Robillardi is 5 days 21 hours 37 minutes, by the City of Paris, Inman line. 2. No answers by mail.

F. E. J., Arcanum.—1. It is optional with C to deal or beg. 2. B, being out of the game, had no right to deal. If C elected to beg, A should have dealt; and any jack turned up would then have counted for A. 3. Same as first answer.

J. B., Troy.—Pay the money. The thing has a meaning, an eminent divine informs us. The answer on alms three V's, and on A, and on 1 one of the V's, and on A

Kaiser second, and Mr. Bowe's b. m. Madge Wildfire third. Betting at start: 30 to 1 against The Gunner, 20 to 1 against Kaiser, and 50 to 1 against Madge Wildfire. Thuringian Prince, who had the call at 2 to 1, passed the winning-post fifteenth.

RACING AND TROTTING NOTES.

A purse of $10,000 for a stallion trot, open to all stallions in the United States and Canada, is offered by the proprietors of Mystic Park, Boston, to be held on Tuesday, Sept. 14; the winner taking $4,000, the second $2,500, and the third and fourth $2,000 and $1,500 respectively. ... and the third and fourth $2,000 and $1,500 respectively. ... and the second trotting stallion Canwell. Mr. P. Lorillard's thoroughbred imported stallion Canwell, by Stockwell, recently purchased in Tennessee, has become hopelessly blind. ... The South Bend, Ind., Trotting Association will hold their meeting on June 16, 17 and 18, and will give purses to the amount of $5,000 for public competition. ... A gentleman of Utica, this city, has purchased the Syracuse trotting mare Lady Alice for $2,000. ... The rumor that Mr. William Humphrey of this city, the owner of Judge Fullerton, has purchased the fast trotting mare Kate Campbell for $12,000 is incorrect. He had been negotiating for her, which gave rise to the reported sale. ... Two famous Irish steeplechasers, Gortelvin and Slyfox, owned by the Duke of Hamilton, and by him pensioned for the last five years, were recently shot on account of age and infirmities. Gortelvin won the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase twice, and was the best previously run second to Salamander, another Irish horse, the year before for the same race. Slyfox was one of the most remarkable horses for gameness ever known, and won many races after being beaten all to pieces; but, coming again at the finish, and was all but certain to make any running, would snatch a victory on the post by a head. ... The well-known Tennessee turfman and breeder General Harding has agreed to supply the Bloomfield Grove Association with 30 or 40 young fawns from his private park, for the purpose of stocking the grounds of the Association with deer. ... In the Western States, rapidly arranged among trotting circuits are being rapidly arranged among trotting circuits are being rapidly arranged among trotting circuits are being

BULGIN' RORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Yer rather spruce, my pious chap,
To talk of raid or rover;
An' as to life upon the plains,
We'll talk the matter over.
Yer grit? Oh, yes, I've not a doubt
Yer pluck would stand a tussle,
But brain an' game sometimes give way
Afore a weight of muscle;
Now, jist see yere, this yere's the style,
I'll tell a little story—
It shows the p'ints I want to show—
You've hearn o' Bulgin' Rory?"

"It's right you are, that cussed yarn
Is all around a skootin',
About some button-holes he worked
By doin' fancy shootin'.
A wuthless, one-horse, ornary cuss,
It wa'n't nothing to brag on;
An' ef with your set here he's prime
You'll hev to leave the rag on—
I wouldn't ride the bobtail nag
That trots the road to glory
By any sich cadaverous deeds
As them of Bulgin' Rory."

"What's that you say? That's juicy gas
Fur one of your dimensions;
I never met that boy myself,
But hark his good intentions;
I wouldn't like to scalp, ye see,
Afore you get some older,
But think I'll smash about three ribs,
The first lick from the shoulder.
We'll treat yer corpse the very best,
Yer coffin needn't be no worse,
Unless you take them slander back
You've said of Bulgin' Rory."

They locked right in—a slashing fight—
Ner iron at all they drawed;
The small one hit the fastest licks,
But in the end got chawed;
He really was a fearful sight,
As feebly forth he sounded:
"I've got enough, put up yer paws;"
And further still he groaned.
"Though this yere fout, I must confess,
I can't see help in the story,
He's still a wuthless one horse cuss,
For I am Bulgin' Rory."

CHESS. L. BRIARMEAD.

TWO LIVES UNVEILED;
OR,
THE SECRET HISTORY
OF A
SUCCESSFUL MAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY VIDA VARRIE.

PART II.—CONTINUED.

Emmie heard, and again rejoiced that she had not betrayed her resolution. Her lesson, it is needless to say, was in these days merely nominal. She dared never remain beyond the allotted time, and this generally was occupied with conversation on various subjects. To-day Trevilla had a favor to ask. An old woman, whom he had formerly befriended, and who had for many years been a kind and faithful servant in his family during his beloved mother's lifetime, had called upon him for assistance in obtaining a situation to earn her bread. He would like to see his beloved Emmie in possession of this excellent servant, who, by the way, so he said, was much better at heart than she seemed externally; moreover, he knew his gentle friend would prove a kind and beneficent mistress to this faithful and deserving servant, and he had decided to lay the matter before her.

Mrs. Warden was charmed with the idea of having such a walking memento of her beloved as this faithful servant would prove, and it was agreed that the woman should come at once. Emmie would have discharged her own grandmother, if possible, had Trevilla only commanded; so it was but natural enough that to make a vacancy for his old protegee she dismissed a favorite cook who had lived with her ever since her marriage. Such was the fact. Before the day was out their old cook received her walking papers, and a month's wages in advance to console her for the sudden dismissal; in her stead came Jane Trevilla's prodigy of virtue was duly installed in her place.

New, if ever there was a female creature in the world to whom the appellation of *scamp* was appropriate, it certainly was this woman, judging from externals. In the first place, she had only one eye, and you might more than half guess by her ruddy nose and broken incisors that the absent optic was lost in a drunken brawl. Then she was afflicted with the catarrh, and upon this account alone was a most loathsome being to have about. Yet this was not all. She was lame, and hobbled about in a most inconvenient and unsightly way, called to set nervous people "on edge." Besides this, she had a most vile and irritable temper that brooked no opposition, and in the art of ruining and rendering unpalatable every article of food she attempted to cook she was thoroughly accomplished and perfect. Such was this new cook provided by her kind-hearted friend.

That night Mr. Warden became violently ill, and towards morning summoned the doctor.

"It's the fault of that cursed old harridan my wife has got in the kitchen. The dinner she served up to me to-day would have killed an ostrich," was his salutation to the doctor.

An excited domestic had accused Mrs. W., who was sleeping soundly after her restlessness the preceding night. She arose in great alarm and agitation, and met the doctor with many anxious questions as he was leaving.

"It was a violent attack of cholera-morbus, but he is all right now; I gave him an emetic. I have no doubt, though, if I hadn't been called just when I was, that you would be a widow this minute."

"Is it possible?" gasped Emmie.

"Now, don't excite yourself; the danger is over. You had better take your cook to task, though. I ordered him a little chicken broth, and by to-morrow he'll be all right. I'll call again this evening. I don't think he had better attempt any business to-day; he is very weak. Good-morning."

When the doctor left, Mrs. W. sank half fainting upon a chair and covered her blanched face with her hand, while thought was busy.

In all their married life her husband had not required a physician before, and now he had been nigh unto death, but was out of danger. Cruel fate! Why had he not died and spared her conscience the deed she contemplated? While she sat here repining, the new cook hobbled in with a basin of broth. Mrs. W. composed her countenance, and, extending her hand, said she would take it herself to her husband. The woman drew back and hesitated. Her mistress impatiently repeated her request for the bowl and the woman complied, saying:

"Don't eat any, mum; it'll spoil your appetite for breakfast—'sides, there's only 'nough for him;" then, looking with her evil eye at the bowl, then at her mistress inquiringly, as if satisfying herself that her advice would be acted upon, she hobbled out.

Mrs. Warden made no reply, and indeed gave no heed. Her thoughts were too tumultuous at that moment to admit of her hearing the chatterings of the servant. As soon as she was alone, Emmie set down the bowl, and, throwing a frightened look around the room—for it was barely light enough to see in the early light of early morning—drew from her pocket a small paper. Her breath came quick and fast, and her face was deadly pale as she tried to open it. Startled by an imaginary sound, she let the paper fall from her hand. She snatched it hastily up, and replaced it in her pocket, where for a moment she irresolutely held her hand; then came fear—fear of the physician's keen eyes and persevering questions, and she shuddered convulsively; all her desire for freedom was for the moment outweighed by her fear of detection and horror of the act. She stepped quickly to the grate and threw the paper upon the burning coals; then with a deep sigh of relief she took the bowl and proceeded to her husband's apartment. He sat in an easy-chair in gown and slippers, looking haggard and pale, but trying to persuade himself that he was quite well.

When Mrs. Warden entered she severely upbraided her for the shortcomings of the new cook, and demanded the cause of their old cook's dismissal.

Emmie, feeling that she had just granted her husband a new lease of life, and therefore was entitled to gratitude rather than reproach, was deeply aggrieved by this attack upon Trevilla's cook, and, without vouchsafing the required explanation, placed the bowl of broth before the invalid, saying, coldly, she hoped he would find it to his taste, and that she must give the new cook a further trial before discharging her. Then she haughtily left the room.

In a short time a servant came running to her with the intelligence that the master was worse. She went in great alarm to her husband's apartment, and found him in violent distress. The doctor came, administered another emetic, declared it was strange, but admitted cholera-morbus was often stubborn and capricious; and this time, on leaving, ordered his patient to eat nothing but water-gruel till he came again. He remained easy, but weak, the rest of the morning; and Emmie, finding he had fallen asleep, ventured to go over to Trevilla's. This gentleman, with his accustomed prudence and foresight, on earning the precarious condition of her husband, advised his pupil not to come again until the sick man had recovered.

Emmie sighed, said she hoped, then, he would recover soon, but promised to acquiesce. As she took her leave, Trevilla asked her to advise him of any change by signaling from the front window of her sleeping-room; and she promised to open the shutters wide if her husband grew better, but to close them entirely if he became worse.

About three o'clock that afternoon the patient's anxious eye saw a small white hand closing those shutters, and so they remained until it was too dark to discern them any longer. Early dawn next morning revealed the house draped in mourning. His neighbor's illness had terminated fatally about sunrise, and Emmie was a widow.

A week after the funeral the doctor was waited upon by a number of gentlemen, neighbors of the deceased, who called, their spokesman said, to inquire the cause of Mr. Warden's death.

"Cholera-morbus, most undoubtedly," replied the doctor emphatically. "His constitution was peculiarly susceptible to bowel complaints. I knew he could not live, the first time I was there, but I kept him alive as long as it was in the power of science to control his disease."

"But, doctor, we have evidence that, we think, will produce a change in your opinion," was the response.

"Impossible!" promptly replied the doctor. "It was the clearest case I ever saw in my thirty-three years' practice. Nevertheless, I will hear what you have to say."

It then transpired that on the day of Mr. W.'s death, their nearest neighbor, Mrs. Clark, missed her pet poodle. Three days elapsed before it was found, when its body, in a state of perfect preservation, was discovered under an old basket just outside of the Warden back gate. Its preservation excited suspicion of arsenic, and, as the dog was a valued pet, Mrs. Clark was indignant that anyone should have dared to poison it. Her husband, inclining to the opinion that its preservation was merely due to the cold weather, to set the matter at rest procured an examination by a skilful chemist. This revealed arsenic. Mrs. Clark spoke of this to one of her neighbors, who now remembered having lost a cat about the same time, but which loss had not excited comment, as not being extraordinary. Conversations with other neighbors now revealed the simultaneous death of two dogs, three cats and a pair of guinea hens, all of which, it was shown by competent analysis, had died by arsenical poison. Moreover, several neighbors could take oath to having seen Mrs. Clark's poodle eating chicken thrown out by Mrs. Warden's new cook.

In addition to these appalling facts, Mr. W. was known to be on bad terms with his wife, and jealous of her education teacher across the way; and now the widow had closed the house, placed the sole charge of her property in the hands of this teacher, and was about going South for the remainder of the Winter. In view of this startling array of facts, these gentlemen desired the body of their deceased neighbor to be disinterred, and an examination made forthwith; and for that purpose they had now come for the cooperation of the attending physician.

The doctor listened attentively to the close, and then said:

"Now, gentlemen, you have stated your side of the story; hear mine. I was called to see Samuel Warden on the morning of the fifth of December, about four o'clock. He had all the symptoms of cholera-morbus. I gave him an emetic. He threw up, undigested, half-raw peas, corn, apple and various other articles—all entirely undigested. The emetic relieved him, but his stomach was too far gone in a state of inflammation for permanent relief. I permitted him to drink some chicken broth, which, it seems, was not properly cooked, and aggravated his malady. I was again called. That off his stomach, it all depended on his constitution whether he rallied or not. Gastritis had now fully set in. The patient continued to grow worse until death terminated his sufferings on the morning of the sixth. I was then present, and if the opinion of a physician who has seen hundreds of similar cases is worth anything, it is my opinion that Mr. Warden died of cholera-morbus, brought on by eating badly-cooked and indigestible food. Now, because somebody has been trying to poison a neighbor's dog, or cat, or hens, and has succeeded in killing them all, does that warrant you or me in dragging a sensitive woman before the public on such a revolting charge as that of poisoning her husband? I have known that woman from the cradle—was present when she was born. I have always known her intimately, and a better young woman doesn't exist. Suppose some little temporary coldness *did* exist between the husband and wife, it was no more than some foolish quarrel, without doubt, and you will admit there is a wide difference between treating one coldly and poisoning him with arsenic. No, no, it won't do; besides, now I think of it, it was the dinner which first brought on this attack, and I remember Emmie told me she dined out that day; so, my dear sirs, there's an *alibi* for you," and the doctor laughed to see how good a lawyer he could be upon occasion. "The body," he continued, "couldn't be disinterred without authority; and if you come to me for my consent, I'll have nothing to do with such unjustifiable act. I helped Emmie into the world twenty-two years ago last Spring, and I am not the man to help her out, unless," he added smiling, "in the legitimate discharge of my professional duties."

Thus discouraged, the self-appointed committee retired, for not one of them was willing to take the initiative in so odious and unpopular a business as accusing a beautiful young widow of the murder of her husband. All were ready to support and follow, but none to lead. The subject was frequently agitated, but it was nobody's business; and finally, except as an exciting topic for private scandal, the whole matter was allowed to rest.

The young widow remained abroad a year. Meanwhile, the society into which Trevilla had been introduced by his fair patroness received him cordially and regarded him with distinguished favor. He now took an active interest in politics, and before Emmie's return he had already been elected to some important position; and, when her husband had been dead a full year, Emmie redeemed her promise to become Trevilla's wife. Whatever private slander there might have been afloat, it was publicly considered a most appropriate union. Trevilla now became possessed of the estate of the departed Warden, and his career continued onward and upward. By this time he had amassed a princely fortune, and resided in the most elegant and fashionable quarter of the city. He was now a distinguished citizen, prominent in public affairs, as was his beautiful wife the acknowledged leader of her high social circle. Position, wealth, political power, a charming wife—all were his.

Five years had elapsed since the death of Samuel Warden when Trevilla received the nomination of his party for a high office. Then appeared dark and mysterious insinuations in the columns of the opposing party organs. These grew more and more distinct till they assumed the form of a bold and imperious demand that both Trevilla and his wife should be indicted for the murder of Samuel Warden. No time was lost in bringing the matter before the Grand Jury. The facts submitted to them were substantially as what already had been laid before the attending physician of the deceased, with the additional evidence of a clerk in a drug-store, who testified to having sold a quantity of arsenic to a woman whom he afterwards identified as Mrs. Warden, and that this occurred on the evening of the fourth of December; Warden had been attacked with illness on the morning of the fifth. The body was now disinterred, and, considering the lapse of time, was in an unnatural state of preservation, analysis distinctly revealing the presence of sufficient arsenic to produce death. In view of these facts the Grand Jury indicted Mrs. Trevilla for having caused the death of her husband," by the administration of arsenical poison.

But when they came to consider the bill as affecting Trevilla, the evidence failed to sustain the suspicion of complicity; and the fact of the woman's having personally procured the dose was regarded as incompatible with the idea of her having an accomplice, and the bill as to Trevilla, to the deep chagrin of his antagonists, was ignored.

This was regarded as a complete and final vindication, and proved the deathblow to his antagonists; his party received large accessions to its ranks, and his election was regarded as beyond doubt. A few weeks before the election, hoping yet to damage the prospects of her husband, the trial of Mrs. Trevilla was forced on. Next to himself, Trevilla loved his wife more than all else in the world; but not all his money, political power and social influence could save her from the wrath of his enemies unless he brought forth the dark secrets of his own bosom, and took his wife's place in the dock. He worked desperately to save her. The best counsel money could procure labored frantically, but in vain. After a long and fierce contest of two weeks' duration, the trial terminated in conviction of murder in the first degree.

There was nothing left but executive clemency, and here Trevilla was strong in power. A full pardon was granted after a decent appearance of investigation. But the imprisonment and conviction had been too much for poor Emmie's haughty soul. When the pardon arrived, she already lay on a bed of sickness, and, the day the election returns told her that Trevilla had triumphed, she expired in her husband's arms.

These events, instead of proving his ruin, seemed to give a new impetus to his fortune. In the tenth year of his arrival in P—— he was talked of for a still higher office; but when the convention for nominating a candidate of the party assembled it was discovered there would be a division in the party unless one of the nominees declined to run.

That night a strange scene, unknown to history, transpired in a private parlor of the very hotel where Trevilla, alias Camapilla, ten years before, brought Lottie to her ruin.

In this house, almost in the same room—it was just next door—sat three determined men, political friends and partners of the opposing nominee. A shaded lamp, burning in the centre of a large table, whereon were numerous documents, threw a bright, livid glare over the floor and the figures and countenances of the men sitting there completely in the dark. Messengers ran to and fro, but no one was admitted, one of the trio always receiving the message at the door, which was jealously guarded. At last came one whose entrance seemed welcome. It was Trevilla, wearing a portentous scowl. The man of the junta rose, with every token of respect, to receive the distinguished visitor. They placed a luxurious chair and deferentially listened to his first remark.

"Gentlemen, I need not say your most inexplicable message has been received, else I would not be here in the camp of my foes. Will you do me the honor to state the cause of this most unusual request?"

Then arose one of the junta, and began an address, which he was one hour in delivering, speaking, without interruption, in a calm, low, courteous voice, addressing himself solely to Trevilla, who listened without flinching.

The speech was, substantially, an arraignment upon sixteen specific charges of embezzlement of the public funds, sale of offices, and conniving for gain at unlawful practices which official duty required him to punish. For all and each of these charges documentary evidence was laid before the accused. And, finally, charge seventeen was pronounced. It was no less than the old accusation of the murder of Samuel Warden; then, opening the door of the adjoining room, the speaker summoned his witness, and immediately from within the room where, ten years before, Lottie endured her agony, there hobbled forth the accuser, Jane Shaffer, who, with her one evil eye upon Trevilla, boldly certified to having been employed by him to commit the crime, and, with a fiendish exhultation, drew from her bosom a greasy purse, from which she produced two small, crumpled, dirty papers, whereon were written in Trevilla's handwriting these fatal messages:

"Put some in the broth. Burn this.* And upon the other: "Work. put it in gruel. If M. D. orders emetic, follow it up by your dose in next meal, whatever it is. Keep on till M. D. declares him beyond recovery; then stop. Burn this without fail."

Even the most fertile intellect was incapable of placing any other than the most murderous construction upon either of these documents. Jane Shaffer declared she had sent her little son to Trevilla with the intelligence of the emetics, and these notes were returned by the boy to her. After the death of their victim Trevilla provided her with the funds to go West, whence she had just returned.

In conclusion, the speaker offered the doomed man one of two alternatives—either to decline the nomination, calling on his wing of the party to unite with the other, and in a farewell letter to the people declare his faith in his rival and his claim to their votes, and then depart within forty-eight hours for Europe, never to return without the written consent of the committee of three; or else to take his chances in a trial upon the charges of embezzlement and misdemeanors in office, as well as for the crime of murder. Trevilla saw that his ship was on the rocks, and not the man to remain on board. He struck his colors and surrendered at discretion. He left the city, full of honors. Several bands of music and numerous political associations attended him on his departure, and the spokesman of the accusing junta made the farewell address to his beloved friend and esteemed political colleague.

Such was the glorious exit of the man who had entered the city, ten years before, an absconding manager of a bankrupt show, without a cent to pay for his breakfast.

When he reached Berlin, after a few months' travel through England and France, he was obliged to call on his agent in P—— for new supplies. He waited beyond the necessary time for a response, but none came. He sent another more urgent demand, for his funds were now almost all gone, and he was here in the camp of my foes. Will you do me the honor to state the cause of this most unusual request?"

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Frantic with suspicions of the truth, Trevilla fell ill of brain fever just as he was on the point of making application to the authorities for his agent's arrest. He was sent, an unknown foreigner, to a charity hospital in Berlin. Months elapsed before he was able to be discharged, and then he came forth ruined in health and almost an imbecile; and thus it transpired that the once magnificent and powerful man drifted into an almshouse as a foreign land. There for three years he lived, a curiosity to all who saw him. To everyone who approached he would say, in a half-crazed, half-foolish way, that he was compelled to stop here temporarily, awaiting remittances from his agent in America. He was known by all the officers and inmates of the institution as the poor American lunatic, who was said to be immensely rich, and to be traveling somewhere in Europe. In fact, the defaulting agent kept the public in the belief that he really was traveling for the benefit of his health. Finally, there appeared a cable dispatch announcing his death, and the newspapers published eulogistic biographical sketches of this wonderful man, beginning by the pathetic tale of his entering P—— without a penny, and leaving it with a princely fortune, attended by thousands to witness his departure; then they mourned over the domestic calamity which had torn from him a beautiful and devoted but erring wife; and finally closed with a flourishing panegyric on the deceased. So much for what was transpiring at home.

In Berlin there came one day to the almshouse a sweet, fair-haired Sister of Charity, whose saintly beauty not even her ugly cap could conceal. She was an American. One of her countrymen, she had been told, so she said, had died in that house, and she had come to give him Christian burial. No one opposed her, and someone carelessly pointed out the cot where the body lay. The sister reverently drew aside the curtain that concealed the corpse from which the soul of Charles Trevilla had just departed, and, unknowing whom she touched, with her own hands she tenderly prepared the body for the grave; and then—for hers was the Romish faith—kneeling by the side of the narrow pallet on which lay the pauper, prematurely old and gray, Charlotte Dwyer prayed for the soul of Campilla.

*Threshers.

"DOWN BRAKES."

A Reminiscence of the Late Nelse Seymour.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Methought thy very gait did
Prophesy a royal nobleness."—LEAR.

How those words recall the late and much-lamented Nelse Seymour. Those who knew him not will question with the "Bard"

"What's in a name?"

We can reply, "Everything," when asked of the deceased; for there is scarcely a town in the State where he was not known, at least by reputation. Many a time has a youth entertained his playmates by giving them a graphic description of Nelse's "160th Night of Hamlet." And you could, for a week afterward, hear these youthful aspirants shouting one to the other: "To be, or not to be, that's the question," But he is dead, and those who still remember the kind-hearted, generous minstrel cannot but exclaim with Antony:

"O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?"

But 'tis our purpose not to write an obituary, but to tell a little story wherein the fun-loving Nelse took a part.

One cold Winter's night a party of friends were seated about the open grate in the office of the —— Hotel, while the wind was playing havoc in the streets. We boys, as if by common consent, drew near the fire, and the landlord was busily engaged concocting sundry punches; and as they disappeared, our tongues loosened, and story after story of professional life followed, till Sammy R—— rose to explain: "Boys, I have to be quiet, to give the more gifted a chance; but I will tell you a little story about Nelse Seymour. It is true, for I saw it myself. One morning I dropped into No. —— W. Twenty-third street for my breakfast. I seated myself at one of the tables in the farther end of the dining-room, wishing to have a quiet meal, so that I might read up the morning news undisturbed. While giving my order I observed a person seated at a opposite table, dressed in the uniform of a railroad conductor. I noticed that something ailed him; but thinking he had probably been up all night, I took no further notice of him, but turned to my breakfast and my paper. Some time must have elapsed, when I was startled by the most smothered whistle, which appeared in close proximity. I dropped my paper, and, as a natural consequence, I looked for my conductor—he was where I last saw him, but his position somewhat changed; his head lay on the table, and he appeared to be in a deep sleep—such a sleep as can only be produced by stimulants; and around him were the remnants of the morning repast. But whence came that whistle? I raised my eyes from the conductor to the next table, and there sat Nelse Seymour and another gentleman who it took to be the veteran Eph Horn. They were up to some mischief, I could see. The noise I heard was soon explained by Nelse placing his hands to his mouth, and the whistle was repeated in good imitation of an engine whistle. I saw at once that the conductor was to be the butt of their joke; so I concluded to see it out. The whistle had already been heard once, for it aroused something and changed his position. This evidently elated his tormentors, for they commenced again with renewed vigor. Eph began to puff as an engine does as she gradually slackens speed till she stops or runs into a station; then Nelse spoke as if to the waiter, the conductor, and to the telegraph office and asking the operator, "How's the down train?" Eph replied: "An hour late at B——; you have plenty of time to run to B—— before the up train is due. I will hold them there for you." "All right," replied Nelse, who in a moment stood, with one foot aboard." Then Eph puffed the train moving out: ch—ew, ch—ew, chew, chew, faster and faster, till it got under way. Then Nelse uttered a low whistle as though it was afar off. Eph whistled down-brakes; and Nelse, who was a train approaching from the other way on the same track, whistled down-brakes. At this juncture the conductor sprang to his feet, shouting "My God! we are lost. Hang to your seats!" As he sprang to his feet, Nelse brought his fist down upon the table with great force; at the same time Eph hit the conductor on the side of the head with a potato. The poor deluded conductor, evidently believing himself in a mash-up, fell to the floor, amid the laughter of the spectators. The fall evidently sobered him, for he rose to his feet, and, taking in at a glance that he was the victim of a huge joke, started for the door, with the exclamation "D—— a fool!" But whether he applied it to himself or to his tormentors nobody cared to find out.

J. B.

Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y.

THE STAMFORD BULL-RUNNING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Within the memory of many persons now living in England, bull-running at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, on the 13th of November, was heartily enjoyed as a popular amusement by the common people. At the hour of eleven on the day designated a bull was turned loose into the public streets, every inhabitant being previously warned to keep out of his way and give the animal a clear field. Stones and missiles of various kinds of missiles goaded the bull to madness, and the run sometimes continued for hours. The mad steers a few months since lying around loose in the streets of New York gave a fair specimen of the fun enjoyed by our ancestors in the good old times.

There is a tradition that the custom originated in the time of King John, when one day, William, Earl of Warren, standing on the battlements of his castle, saw two bulls fighting in the meadow beneath. Some butchers coming to part the combatants, one of the bulls ran into the town, causing a great uproar. The Earl, mounting his horse, ran after the animal and enjoyed the sport so much that he gave the meadow in which the fight began to the butchers of Stamford, on the condition that they should provide a bull to be run in the town annually on the 13th of November forever after.

In 1836 the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals took measures to stop the running of the bull, and the authorities were very prompt at this interference, and a riot took place. Many of the rioters were arrested, and on the ringleaders a heavy fine was imposed. The manager of the Stamford Theatre made himself popular by giving a clear benefit to raise a sum for a defense fund, and very aptly selected Colman's comedy of "John Bull," which was performed to an overwhelming house. Five of the rioters were acquitted, and three more discharged on giving bail to appear when called upon. The following ballad, though now nearly obsolete, shows how heartily the sport was enjoyed by the residents of Stamford fifty years ago:

Come, all you bonny boys
Who love to bait the bonny bull,
Who take a pride in noise,
And you shall have your belly full.
On Stamford's town, Bullrunning Day,
We'll show you such right gallant play;
You never saw the like, you'll say,
As you shall see at Stamford.

Earl Warren was the man
That first began this gallant sport;
In the castle he did stand
And saw the bonny bulls that fought.
The butchers with their bulldogs came,
These noble bulls for to confound;
But more with madness did inflame.
Enraged they ran through Stamford.

Delighted with the sport,
The meadow then he freely gave;
Where these bonny bulls had fought,
The butchers now do hold and have.
By charter they are allowed
That every year a bull be found.
Come, dight your face, you dirty clown,
And stump away to Stamford!

Come, take him by the tail boys—
Bridge, bridge him if you can;
Prog him with a stick, boys—
Never let him quiet stand
Through the streets and lane in town
We'll Chevychase him up and down;
Your sturdy bungstraws* ten miles round,
Come, stump away to Stamford!

*Threshers.

How Michigan Sports were Victimized.

A correspondent writing from Jackson, Mich., relates the following incident: "A stranger came here a short time ago and introduced himself to the sporting fraternity as Chas. Westren of Boston, Mass. He soon became a favorite with the boys by making some prodigious jumps, one day clearing within 1½ inch of 23 feet, and some other feats. He came with a pair of "car-links" for weights. Everybody was astonished and everybody wondered what he could do in a regular jumping-suit, with dumb-bells. About a week afterward another stranger came and took rooms at a certain hotel where the boys are wont to meet, and soon got down to biz. The stranger walked into the billiard-room, and asked if anyone would like a game of pool. L. C. H—d, Charlie V—k and Jack M—n looked at each other, smiled, and said they 'didn't mind.' They played for $5 a ball and $2 a 'bust.' The stranger lost four games in succession, and then put up his cue and asked the boys to 'take something.' While smiling, someone spoke about jumping. The stranger looked up. 'Jumping,' said he; 'there's where you hit me exactly. If I did more jumping and less pool-playing, my pocket-book would be pretty well lined.' At this juncture Westren came in and sat down by the stove. L. C. asked the stranger if he could jump. 'Mr. H—d,' replied the newcomer, 'but few men can beat me jumping. I make a little stake quite often by jumping.' L. C. looked toward where Westren sat, and gave him a self-satisfactory look, while the other boys rubbed their hands with delight. 'My dear sir,' said L. C., 'just for the sport of it I will bet you a fifty-spot that there is a man now in this room who will beat you jumping, by an inch, in two trials.' The stranger looked contemptuously around him a moment, and then said, 'Are you in earnest? If you are, pick out your man, and I will show you that I am a jumper. I think I can cover all you wish to put up.' L. C.'s face fairly glowed with exultation, and 'Dolph L—e and Billy M—y grasped hands in a very touching manner. L. C. at once picked out Westren, and put down a fifty. The stranger saw him and went him fifty better, which L. C. called. Jumper No. 2 then asked if anyone else wished to invest. The sports all went down,' and produced from $25 to $75 each. Westren himself putting up $100. The rivals retired at once to don their jumping-suits, when they reappeared all ready to a level piece of ground back of the hotel. Westren lost the toss and jumped first. The stranger then flew through the air,' and dropped only half an inch behind his opponent. At this the sports looked decidedly anxious. Westren tried again, and cleared his first effort by 1½ inches, which made the boys feel better. Once more the stranger raised himself, and landed square in Westren's tracks. He (the stranger) then turned to the stakeholder, pocketed the stakes (about $700) and walked into the hotel. The air was turned blue by the 'cuss' words uttered by the astounded backers of the loser; but no one thought of measuring the distance cleared until Westren and his conqueror were observed leaving town in company on the day express shortly afterwards, when it was found that the best jump fell just 1½ inches short of the last made by Westren, in his everyday clothes, previously to the arrival of the stranger."

OVER ALL LIFE broods Poesy, like the calm blue sky, with its motherly, rebuking face. She is the great reformer, and where the love of her is strong and healthy, wickedness and wrong cannot long prevail.

"I RECKON THIS GAME TAKES TWO."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY ONEY PARLE.

Speakin' about your speak about, and all that 'ar sort of thing,
I'll tell you a capital incident that happened yhere in the Spring,
'Bout fellows together in poverty, one Silas and t'other one Cal—
How Si in a streak of good fortune struck out and went back on his pal.

'Twer jest as handsom an evenin' as ever I sot eyes upon—
The highlands all coated in green, and the sky lit up with the sun;
Far to the Rocky Mountains, in sight of the miners' crank,
With a gambler's kit and lay-out—for the scene was a faro bank.

The cabin was crowded, I reckon, with many a luckless chap,
For Si kind o' spread himself loose on the wings of a ten-dollar "snap;"
There was no dilly-dallying thar—the thing was a regular fake,
For he balanced his books with the dealer, and a three-thousand-dollar stake.

Then Cal like a buffalo shouted, "Hurrah for me and you—
You've gotten away with the tiger; that's more'n the law can do."
"Now jest look a-here," said Silas, "you're ony a wastin' time—
I won 'em in *single* harness, and I reckon the stakes is mine."

Thar stood Cal like a statue, and the white of his eye look'd sad—
He knew he'd been shaken an' left, and knew that he'd gotten it bad—
He only grinded his teeth, yet some say as how he swore,
But such a sigh as I heerd for vengeance I never heerd before.

He appeared half on to drunk as he followed the boys to the bar,
And even stood side by side with the man that betrayed him thar.
"Here's money," said Si to Cal; "your boots is lookin' old."
"Well, Si, I'll bet you a hundred them boots is standin' on gold."

Ye see, Cal dropped a gold piece, then stood his foot wel upon it,
But Si picked it up while Cal in drinkin' had moved away from it;
"I'll bet three thousand dollars!" cried Si, while winkin' around,
"And I may as well take your hundred, for there's no money now on the ground."

'Hold up," Cal loudly yelled; "I reckon this game takes two—
You played it wall onto me—it's fair but I'd play off on you:
So shell out your money, Silas, I'm going to make you feel;
For you'll find the gold waxed tight, and underneath my heel!"

St. Louis, Mo.

THE AVENGED MOTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY VIATOR.

"And so you want the history of my life and the story of your birth? You shall, then."

Such was the answer I received from him who was called by all the townspeople the "man of mystery;" but who was to me, so far as support and maintenance went, father and mother in one.

We occupied, and had lived in as long as I had remembered, an old ivy-covered brick house, against whose walls many a Winter's blast had blown, in a small village in the wildest part of the western coast of England. The occupants of the house were my guardian, I shall call him, myself, an old German nurse, who stood to me in the position of mother, and two servants. I had known neither father nor mother, my earliest recollection of a human face being that of him who was now lying on his death-bed in the most gloomy chamber of our gloomy old house. In the village my guardian was known personally to none, and, although never shunning observation, he never cultivated acquaintance. There was a mystery and an air of awe about him that repelled the most inquisitive. He was charitable to the poor and the needy, giving them in abundance through the housekeeper, but, with the exception of those in want, no one crossed the threshold. No one knew where he came from or who he was. His coming amongst them was, like his life, a mystery.

Though kind, and sometimes even affectionate to me, I had no love for him. Something in me told me that the mystery of my own life was in some manner connected with that which surrounded his. To my inquiries about my birth and parentage he had hitherto given me no information, the question once, indeed, throwing him into such a paroxysm of rage that I never afterwards repeated it. You may judge, then, with what glad interest I was prepared to listen to the confession that would disclose to me the authors of my being.

At the bedside was a table on which were some vials, from one of which I had to frequently pour a strengthening cordial in his mouth. His breath was every moment becoming shorter, and his pallid face on his face increasing. After I had given some of the liquid and raised him a little so that he could breathe with more ease, he began:

"In telling you the story of your birth I will have to tell the history of my own life. I was born on the sidewalk of a damp, dirty lane in London on a wet, dismal night in December, 1796. My mother was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer residing on the estate of the Earl of——, and my father was the Earl's eldest son, the Lord M——.

"It was a short story, old as time itself—innocent and trusting confidence on the one hand, and lying deception on the other. A trip to London, a begus minister, a few weeks' gratification of his lustful appetite, desertion,

"Decoyed from her home, ruined in name and blighted in hope, the poor, trusting, innocent girl was thrown upon the wide world friendless and alone. A wanderer suffering all the tortures of unrequited affection and base betrayal, my mother walked the streets of the huge metropolis, the past a dream, the present a blank. My recollection reaches back to about my fourth year, when one night in November, the rain pouring in torrents and the wind sweeping in dreadful gusts down the streets, and whistling and howling round the housetops, my mother, footsore and weary from travel, emaciated and dying from hunger, staggered along the sidewalk of an aristocratic street. At length, in sheer fatigue, she pauses at the steps leading up to the door of a lordly mansion. If without all was dreary and dismal, within all was gladness and gaiety. Brilliant floods of light streamed through every window, and the sounds of joy and laughter that struck upon the ear were indicative of the revel and festivity reigning in the gorgeously furnished halls. It was the ball given by Lord M——, who had just succeeded to the earldom, on the occasion of his marriage to the beautiful Countess of L——. It was the nuptial revels of my mother's betrayer, and my father.

"Resting for a few minutes at the foot of the steps, my mother contemplated the scene going on within. Peering through the window she caught sight of a figure in the room, and, uttering a slight moan, fell back fainting. Quickly recovering, however, she withdrew into the shadow to let some guest pass in. Carriages were driving up to the portico of the door, depositing therein their gaily-dressed pleasure-bound occupants. Footmen received them as they passed in. The contrast between the half-clad, famished being on the sidewalk, with her child, *his* child, in her arms, and the richly-appareled throng within was dreadful.

"As it moved by some ungovernable spirit, my mother ascended the steps. She was met by a footman in livery, who to her request to see his lordship contemptuously turned up his nose and ordered her away, or he would have her handed over to the police. Not paying any attention, however, to his command, his lacqueyship took her by the shoulder and brutally pushed her out. Not disheartened by the repulse, she watched her opportunity, and again attempted an entrance, this time more successfully, for she now boldly made her way into the ballroom.

"Dazed for a moment

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

THE GIRL I LOVE AND I.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A little cottage on the hill,
Deep shaded by the trees—
Ye gods! it is a cosy nook,
Where waits the evening breeze.
And there a maid, with dewy lip,
Will meet me by-and-bye,
And pleasure's cup we'll freely sip,
The girl I love and I.

And yet of earthly gods no store
Has been laid up for me;
I envy none his gold galore,
Nor ships upon the sea.
For diamond rings we have no greed,
For wealth we never sigh;
Good health and strength are all we need,
The girl I love and I.

Her face, perhaps, is not so fair
As some that I have known;
But, ah, her heart for me is bare,
As she is all my own.
Or search the earth, I do not care—
Though, faith! you needn't try—
You'll never find a happier pair
Than she I love and I.

And yet misfortune in our day,
And sorrow has been ours,
But we expect along life's way
To meet both clouds and showers.
So, while the star of hope is bright
And beaming in the sky,
We'll trust to luck and to the right,
The girl I love and I.

A MARRIED WOMAN'S MISDOINGS.

Scudamore vs. Scudamore, Breese and Grindley.—This was the husband's petition for a divorce, the ground of his wife's adultery with the co-respondents. He also sued for damages against the co-respondents. Neither the respondent nor the co-respondent Breese answered or appeared; but the co-respondent Grindley answered, and denied the adultery. The petitioner is a plasterer, and he was married to the respondent at the parish church of St. Giles, Camberwell, in December, 1861. After the marriage they resided at Peckham and other places about South London, and there are five children the issue of the marriage. They lived happily together up to 1871, when the petitioner went out to America in order to prosecute his trade in a more profitable manner than he could do in this country. On leaving, he left his wife in a good home, with plenty of money, and after he went out to America he sent his wife in all about £300. In the Autumn of 1873 certain rumors reached him about his wife which induced him to come home. On reaching London he found that his wife was keeping a lodging-house at Charlton. He thought she did not receive him as affectionately as she ought to have done, and from what he saw afterwards his suspicions were confirmed. She was in the habit of leaving the bed after the petitioner went to sleep; and one night, the 4th Nov., 1873, on waking up and finding his wife absent, he got up and searched for her, and when he found her in bed with the co-respondent Breese, who was a lodger in the house. He at once turned Breese out of the house, and had never lived with his wife since. The co-respondent Grindley is a baker at New Cross, and a married man. After the petitioner separated from his wife, he met Grindley at Peckham and taxed him with having received £200 from his wife and committed adultery with her. Grindley replied that he had only got £100, and that as to the adultery it was all right, and, snapping his fingers in the petitioner's face, he said he did not care twopence-worth of gin for him. From further inquiries the petitioner found that while he was away Grindley was constantly in the habit of visiting his wife, and the intimacy commenced the present suit. The evidence as to the adultery with Breese was clear enough, but Mr. Grindley, the other co-respondent, went into the witness-box, and gave a positive denial to ever having committed adultery with the respondent. He was intimate with the parties, and after the petitioner left for America both he and himself visited the respondent. His wife and her were on the most friendly terms. When the respondent received a sum of any amount from her husband she was in the habit of giving it to him to take care of it, and he gave it to her as she wanted it. When she took the lodging-house at Charlton he advanced her £25, and at the present time there was due to him £17. After the respondent took the lodging-house he was in the habit of supplying her with tea and coffee for the lodgers, and that caused him to go to the house. When he went there he was seldom or ever alone with the respondent, as he passed the time he was in the house with the lodgers. As to what had been said about the meeting at Peckham, there was no truth in it whatever. He did not meet petitioner on the occasion referred to. All that took place was, the petitioner said "You have got money from my wife." He replied, "All the money I have got from your wife I have paid her back, and she now owes me a considerable sum." That was all that passed. He took the petitioner good-morning, and they separated. The petitioner never said a word as to the intimacy between the parties, but she never saw the least familiarity between her husband and the respondent. On the conclusion of the whole of the evidence the counsel on either side addressed the jury upon it. The learned Judge then summed it up to them, telling them that as to the adultery with Breese there was no question, and it did seem somewhat strange that they should be asked to assess damages against Grindley for the value of a wife who had been found by her husband in bed with Breese. The jury, after a brief consultation in their box, gave a verdict to the effect that the respondent had committed adultery with Breese, but that she had not committed adultery with Grindley, nor he with her. The Court accordingly pronounced a decree nisi for the adultery with Breese, and assessed damages against him to the amount of £25.—*London* (Eng.) *Sunday Times*, Feb. 28.

A MOCK MARRIAGE AND A YOUNG GIRL'S RUIN.

Mary Shuttleworth, aged about sixteen years, a prepossessing brunette, residing at No. 148 Bergen street, Brooklyn, was introduced something over a year ago to one Abraham Lawrence, a merchant on Fulton street, aged thirty-three years. Mr. Lawrence was a very plausible man, and by his conversational powers won the affection of the young girl, and when he had obtained from her the acknowledgment that his affection was returned he informed her, as it is alleged, that he was united in marriage to a woman at the earnest prayer of his parents, and from whom he was then endeavoring to obtain a divorce, and assured her that when he had succeeded he would lead Mary to the altar. The poor girl, unused to the ways of the world, put implicit faith in his words, and as from time to time he informed her of the progress of the suit she hoped for a life of happiness with him in the future. When, therefore, he informed her that the suit was ended and he was free to make her whom he loved, she was content to marry him at once. Accordingly, on Sunday evening last, it is alleged, he induced her to accompany him to the Eastern District for that purpose, he desiring to be united, he said, by a minister who was an old friend. Lawrence took her to a house in Leonard street, kept, it is said, by a woman named Augusta Armstrong and Emil Fangauy, who carried a large new Bible in his hands and wore a white cravat. The supposed clergyman stepped forward and cordially greeted Miss Shuttleworth, and, after asking her if she was ready to go on with the ceremony, and receiving an affirmative reply, called on the couple to stand up, and, in presence of the parties named, pretended to unite them in marriage. The usual congratulations were exchanged, the clergyman (?) withdrew, and by preconcerted arrangement the couple were provided with a room, and the purpose of Lawrence was accomplished. On Monday morning he took her home to her parents' residence, and, leaving her there, promised to call for her and take her home to his own residence as soon as his bad somewhat refurnished it. Meanwhile the young men Wagner and Fagan, suspecting some foul play in the matter, informed Captain Kaiser of the Sixth Precinct Police of all the circumstances. Captain Kaiser detailed Sergeant Titus, Detective Thue, and Officer John Hamilton to work up the case; and, after a thorough investigation, they arrested Fangaux, his mistress Armstrong, and Caroline Smith, and after they had been incarcerated they confessed the names of the actors in the outrage. George Williams, a well-educated but dissipated young man, residing in Lafayette avenue, was arrested yesterday morning and identified as the party who acted as the clergyman. Williams was taken before Judge Eames, and all he could say in justification was that he was under the influence of liquor; but the others deny that this was the fact, as Williams, in their estimation, was perfectly sober. He was committed to jail for examination, and the others were also committed as either witnesses or accessories. The most earnest efforts are being made to capture Lawrence, but thus far without success. The victim, Miss Shuttleworth, is suffering terribly in mind from the outrage perpetrated on her, and her appearance and modest demeanor excited general sympathy in the court-house, the attendance, which was very large, mainly being their hatred of the crime in language more forcible than elegant, after the proceedings had been concluded.—*N. Y. Herald*, March 10.

A CASE OF CRIMINAL MALPRACTICE.

On the evening of March 16 Capt. Gunner of the Eighteenth Precinct received information from Dr. Robert A. Barry of No. 233 East Thirteenth street, to the effect that Mrs. Annie J. Curtis, aged twenty-four, residing at No. 12 Union square, was lying at the point of death from the effects of criminal malpractice. The captain at once proceeded to the house, where he found Mrs. Curtis sinking rapidly. An investigation was made, which resulted in the arrest of Mr. Benjamin Gregory of No. 324 West Twenty-third street, and Mrs. Annie J. Ihl, a woman long under the surveillance of the police, and residing at No. 207 East Forty-ninth street. These parties were arrested by Detective Mullen of the Eighteenth Precinct, on suspicion. Coroner Croker was informed of the case, and was requested by Capt. Gunner to take the ante-mortem deposition of the dying woman. Accompanied by Dr. MacWhinnie and the prisoners, the Coroner went to Mrs. Curtis' apartments and took her statement. It appears from her deposition that she was a member of the choir of an up-town church where Mr. Gregory is employed as organist. The latter is about forty years of age, and is a man of family. Mrs. Curtis is a married woman, but her husband has been absent for a number of years in California. For some time past an improper intimacy had existed between Mr. Gregory and Mrs. Curtis, which resulted in the woman finding herself enciente. Becoming alarmed at her condition, she searched the columns of a morning journal for relief, and was attracted by the advertisement of Mme. Annie J. Ihl. She called on this female quack, who, at her solicitation, performed several operations upon her, which resulted in her severe illness. Her friends, ignorant of what had transpired, and alarmed at her sudden and severe illness, called in Dr. Barry, who, speedily discovering her condition, and learning from her the treatment she had been subjected to by Mme Ihl, notified Capt. Gunner. At her bedside, in the presence of the Coroner, Mrs. Curtis positively identified Mrs. Ihl as the woman who had operated upon her with instruments. She also stated that Mr. Gregory was the cause of her ruin; but asserted with great vehemence that he was not aware of her condition, or that she had called in the sevices of Mrs. Ihl. Of this she asserted that Mr. Gregory was entirely ignorant, and had not counseled or advised such a course. In view of this statement, Coroner Croker allowed Mr. Gregory to remain at the bedside of the dying woman in charge of an officer, while Mrs. Ihl was taken to the East Twenty-second street Police-station and locked up for further examination. Mrs. Curtis died on the 17th inst. In view of the statement on the part of the dying woman, and of facts ascertained by the police, it was decided by the Coroner to admit Mr. Gregory to bail in the sum of $1,000; it being considered that, whatever his relations with Mrs. Curtis might have been, he was wholly unaware of her having visited the woman Ihl, and had advised her not to take any such steps. Deputy-coroner McWhinney made a post-mortem examination on the body, and found extensive laceration, the result of an operation. Mme. Ihl was committed to the Tombs.

The funeral of the victim took place yesterday. The remains were in a rosewood coffin, covered with flowers, the gifts of numerous friends, of whom there were present Max Strakosch (who had arranged for the appearance of the deceased on the operatic stage at an early day), Lafayette Harrison, Signor Ermani, Signor Albites, John McKenzie, Ercole Macoggi, Giovanni Ranesi, Edouardo Ragazzi, A. Ardavani, and many others well known in musical circles. Rev. Dr. Tiffany, pastor of the Church of the Atonement, of the choir of which Mrs. Curtis was a member, officiated, and read the funeral service of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The members of the choir who were present sang the "Rock of Ages," and then the services were brought to a conclusion. Deceased was taken to the Marble Cemetery for burial.—*N. Y. Times*, March 19.

Mr. Gregory has since been discharged by the Coroner, while Madame Ihl is held to await the action of the Grand Jury.

A BENEDICT ELOPES WITH A DASHING WIDOW.—Our quiet little suburb of Washington Heights is just now stirred up from centre to circumference with a sensation of the modern kind, with the usual accompaniments of scandal—wife and children deserted—woman at the bottom of it all—dished up in as good style as it can be done in the city. It arose from the mysterious disappearance, a few days ago, of Mr. George Waters, a man who has heretofore moved in the first circles in Washington Heights society. He is a contractor or boss carpenter, and has also been interested with the important duties of collector for the incorporation. He was also a member in good standing of the Bethany Union Church, and was clerk of their body. A few days after he went away, leaving his wife and six children in ignorance of his whereabouts, a letter was received, dated New York, saying that he was about to sail for England, his native country, and giving as a reason why he did not tell his wife and family, that they were unwilling that he should go across the water, and he feared they would withhold their consent. He added that he would be back in a few weeks. Since then certain interesting facts have been developed, which, perhaps, throw some light on Mr. Waters' singular conduct. It has been ascertained that he mortgaged his property before leaving to Mr. R. P. Hildrup, receiving the snug little sum $3,000 with which to defray his expenses. He stated that he was going to see his mother at Crete, near Kankakee, in this State. In addition, a very handsome young widow of the place also disappeared about the same time, and nobody knows where she has gone. Putting all the circumstances together, and remembering how such things generally go, the best society at Washington Heights conclude that such singular coincidences as those discovered in this case can be accounted for in but one way—Waters raised all the money he could, went to New York, the handsome young widow met him there, and if either of them sailed for England, both have gone together. The wife and family are deserted and left destitute, and the good name of the church sadly scandalized. It is to be hoped that the matter will be cleared up to the credit of all parties, but at present the chances are against it.—*Chicago* (Ill.) *Eve. Journal*, March 11.

BREACH OF PROMISE.—A notable breach-of-promise case was entered yesterday at the commencement of the Spring term of the Washington County Court, at Montpelier, Vt. The plaintiff is Miss Hattie J. Bradshaw of Manchester, N. H., and the defendant is John W. Page of Montpelier, twenty-seven years old, a graduate of Dartmouth and the son of the wealthy banker John Page, who is also State-treasurer of Vermont. The young man is also an assistant clerk in his father's office, and was married to a Miss Higgins of Bolton, Vt., in September last. The plaintiff alleges that John W. Page began to pay her marked attention early in the year 1871, and that his attention was continued very long when a proposition of marriage was made by the defendant and accepted by the plaintiff. She further alleges that the defendant, by repeated and renewed promises of marriage and other divers means and arguments, accomplished her ruin, meeting all her importunities to have the marriage solemnized by trivial excuses, which, though far from being satisfactory to her, accomplished his purpose by postponing their nuptials. Plaintiff further alleges, when her condition became known, she urged the defendant to fulfill his promise and undertake to marry her at once, and save the disgrace of them both. To this, as alleged, he made reply that he had a friend who was a physician who would get her out of the difficulty right, and that some time thereafter, when defendant could get ready, he would marry her. She further alleges that she could do no better than to follow defendant's wishes, and in so doing nearly lost her own life and became permanently injured and ruined. Another suit is entered in the same court by the same plaintiff against Dr. G. N. Brigham of Montpelier, who is a well-known physician and a man of property, and one who makes some pretensions as a poet, having published a volume of verse called "Harvest Moon." In the declaration in this suit the plaintiff alleges that the defendant at Montpelier administered to her preparations intended to produce abortion, and that the object was accomplished in two attempts with drugs and implements. This writ was served on Dr. Brigham in a few days after his return with his second wife from Chicago, where he was married to her on the 12th of February last.—*Boston* (Mass.) *Herald*, March 11.

CHARGED WITH INDECENT ASSAULT.—A dastardly outrage, horrible in its intent, and made startling by the position held by the perpetrator, was attempted yesterday in the town of Cicero. About 9 o'clock in the morning, as Mrs. Catherine Bowman, living near the Brighton House in that town, was busy working in her kitchen, a man named James Riley, a constable of the town of Cicero, came to her door, and told the child who answered his summons that his business was with her mother. Mrs. Bowman immediately came to the door and asked him his business, but received in reply some very insulting proposals, which she very promptly negatived. Instead of taking himself off, he forced the door open and attempted to carry out his diabolical purpose by force. He threw her down; but the poor woman, armed with extraordinary strength, succeeded, after a desperate struggle, in regaining her feet. The struggle was again renewed, and during its continuance Mrs. Bowman succeeded in getting hold of Riley's watch chain and tearing it off. She also tore the bosom of his shirt, containing some studs. Riley, after a struggle of perhaps five minutes, became frightened at the sound of footsteps approaching the house, and left. Mrs. Bowman, overcome with shame, fainted away from the reaction which had set in after the excitement. The children were so small that they could render her no assistance whatever, and it was some time before she recovered her senses. The lady, whose husband works at the Stock Yards, immediately sent for Hilton, and the company visited Justice Boydston yesterday afternoon, and swore out a State warrant for Riley's arrest. This is the story which Mrs. Bowman tells. On the other hand, Riley denies all knowledge of the matter. He was arrested this morning by Sergeant Hood, and brought up for trial before Justice Boydon. Owing to the severe illness of Mrs. Bowman, the case was continued in $1 000 bail until the 11th instant. The man Riley is a rather fine-looking man, with the appearance of a farmer. He is said to be a very wealthy man.—*Chicago* (Ill.) *Post and Mail*, March 9.

ANOTHER DEATH FROM MALPRACTICE.—A case of malpractice, by which a young lady lost her life, came to the knowledge of the Brooklyn, L. I., police authorities on Monday. The name of the unfortunate victim is Antoinette Fenner, and she resided at No. 68 President street with her father, Charles Fenner. Miss Fenner was twenty years of age, and possessed of more than ordinary personal attractions. She was of a very gay disposition, and her father, who is a furrier, being in fair circumstances, the last few years of her life were spent in a constant round of amusements. Some weeks ago Miss Fenner became very ill, and on Feb. 28 Drs. Skene and Ford were called to attend her. These gentlemen at once discovered that the unfortunate girl had been the victim of malpractice. Every effort was made to save her life, but in vain, and on Sunday evening she died. Coroner Simms was notified of the case and held an inquest, which terminated on the 17th in a verdict that deceased came to her death at the hands of Catherine Maxwell, by abortion, and that Jennie R. Gale and John H. Betts (proprietor of the Eastern Hotel in this city, to whom Miss Fenner is said to have been engaged) were accessories. The accused parties were permitted to go on the bail they had already given.

THE JURY in the case of Miss Meta C. Gatge against George Tonjes of Brooklyn, L. I., for $20,000 damages for breach of promise, rendered a verdict awarding the plaintiff six cents.

BILLIARDS.

UP AND DOWN THE TABLE.

Mr. J. M. Richards of Cleveland was in town last week, and went the rounds of the leading rooms.

.....Emanuel Brunswick, the Chicago manufacturer, arrived here on the 15th inst., and for several days was the guest of A. P. Rudolphe. He quotes billiards at the West as quiet, but firm.....Sorrow has entered the home of Joseph O'Connor of the Columbian Room, who on the 14th inst., suddenly barely recovered from his own severe illness, buried an interesting child, aged eleven years.....His partner, Capt. Thomas Murphy, has also been in feeble health, having been afflicted with erysipelas of the head in addition to the asthma that has troubled him for so many years.....Garnier and Maurice Daly will resume their cushion-carom contest for Brooklyn shall have been concluded.....Ex-Mayor Ambrose C. Kingland, the father of the Central Park, has just purchased one of G. E. Phelan's tables for his residence, and the New York Press Club, originally known as the Journalistic Fraternity, have done likewise with respect to their headquarters at No. 9 Newspaper Row.....Racine College, Racine, Wis., has just been furnished with a J. M. Brunswick & Balke table, as also has the Allemania Club of Cincinnati.....The health of Dudley Kavanagh, at the Hot Springs, is reported as improved; but, say private advices dated March 14, he will not return to this city for a month yet.....D. O. Collins, for many years foreman for Phelan & Collender, later in charge of G. E. Phelan's manufactory, and for some months past in business in San Francisco, has been ordered home by his physician, and will start about April 25.....Vignaux and Rudolphe returned last week from their exhibition tour in Hartford, Worcester, etc.....P. H. Hultz's room at Fort Washington was opened last week, as also was W. D. Hahn's at Catskill, N. Y.....Will Moran of Corning, N. Y., is matched to play 300 up, French, for $50 a side, with Frederick Brandt of Scranton. The game will be played at the Opera-house, in that city, in about two weeks' time.....John J. Wizeman, the veteran room-keeper, has refurnished his room in this city with new tables of G. E. Phelan's make.....P. D. Kilduff, as we learn from San Francisco, is engaged in an official capacity on a steamboat plying between that city and Sacramento.....Francois Ubassy is at present disengaged. He contemplates challenging Garnier to play him for $500 a side.....Maurice Daly, at his room in the Spingler House, will sell pools on the Vignaux-C. Dion match, and also on the Brooklyn tournament, having made arrangements to receive telegrams as to the progress of the latter. He will begin selling on the first event on the 24th.....It looks now as if, after all the fuss that has been made about it, there will be no match between Vignaux and Garnier. The latter has verbally declined to play on any table save that which he has all along named, thus confirming the popular impression to the outset that, so far as he was individually concerned, his challenge to Vignaux and Rudolphe were meant for the newspapers and a billiard table, instead of for those players.....Rudolphe is our authority for announcing that he himself, with the assistance of friends, will, in the course of a week or two, challenge Vignaux for the cup and the championship of the world.".....Eleven-ball pool is a Western novelty that as yet has not been introduced at the East.....The match between Henry Pfannkuchen and Samuel C. Sammis, for the Long Island championship, is to be played at A. R. Samuells' room, Brooklyn, on Easter Monday, March 29.....The Deane Brothers of that city are having a movable platform built for the large ball over their room, with the view of giving billiard entertainments therein.....Harry Clifton has sold his billiard-room and chop-house in Houston street, the reported price being $13,000.....Rudolph's (not A. P.) in Fulton street was sold at auction on the 15th inst., the tables bringing $106 apiece.....George E. Phelan last week visited Philadelphia professionally.....In Hartford, Ct., on the 16th inst., Joseph Dion defeated Vignaux by a score of 250 to 174, and later in the day Vignaux beat Dion by 400 to 337.....A room is to be opened this week in the Wood's Museum building, this city, and there is a prospect that Budd Scofield, a very capable superintendent, will be placed in charge of it.....One of Griffith's tables has been ordered for the President of Lima, Peru.....Henry Meigs, well-known here, but more favorably known in South America for his railroad enterprises, has also purchased a table for his residence in that country.....Burdick of Norwich, Ct., has purchased the room lately under the control of Isaac Sanderson. This is probably the establishment originally opened by Mr. Burdick, and for a while leased by Melvin Foster.....In the match for the three-ball championship of Ohio, which is to take place at White's Hall, Toledo, this week, Carter is a decided favorite. Those who profess to know advise us that his play in practice has been far superior to that of Gallagher, who will oppose him.....The match between Garnier and Edward Daniels of Boston has fallen through.....On the 15th inst., at Horticultural Hall, Worcester, Mass., Rudolphe, although making a run of 95 points, was beaten by Vignaux by a score of 400 to 336, the winner's average being a trifle above 10.....Edward Daniels challenges William Sexton of Albany to play him a three-ball game of 600 points for $500, in Boston, and within two weeks.....The Bostonian also offers to play Maurice Daly or C. Dion at the odds of 200 in 600, Garnier at the odds of 250 in 700, and Vignaux at the odds of 300 in 700, the stake to be $250 a side. As this challenge is a virtual rating of players, with Vignaux at the head, Daniels should have named the odds at which he is willing to play Rudolphe, Ubassy and J. Dion, and thus have completed the category.....The success of Adrian Izar in England is akin to the marvelous. He has now been there about six years, and yet his finger-shots appear to be in as great demand as ever. During this time he has on at least two occasions made runs of upwards of 1,000 at the English game, ...The James R. Kendall, clarionet player, whose death in San Francisco was announced in our last issue, was the grandfather of Edward G. Kendall the billiard-player.....The prizes for Cook's recent handicap tournament in London, Eng., have been distributed as follow: John Roberts Jr., £88 2s.; Alfred Bennett, £73 17s. 4d.; William Cook Jr., J. Taylor and S. W. Stanley, £55 8s. each; L. Kilkenny, £36 18s. 8d.; W. Timbrell, £27 14s.; and Joseph Bennett, £18 9s. 4d. The losers, who had $50, and presented by Chris. O'Conner of this city for the highest run, fell to Taylor, who made 248.....It is reported from Chicago that in the tournament to be held there next month there will be seven competitors. This unusual number will entail the playing of at least 120 games. A letter just at hand from Thomas Foley, the manager of the tourney, fails to state that there are so many entries.....A Cleveland correspondent writes that Gallagher, in practicing for the match of the 25th, has made runs of 74, 82 and 83, and that John Frawley thinks no well of his chances that he will take the whole of his stake, $250, if necessary. .....Per contra, we are assured from Toledo that that city will back Carter to almost any amount.....William Sexton and Charles Effler are to play the first of their $100 games in Albany on the 24th inst.....Garnier is to open a tournament shortly at the rooms of the Phœnix Club, Rochester, N. Y.....Henry Grelin, the well-known roomkeeper of that city, who makes frequent trips to this, but never stays overnight, was here on the 16th inst.....Edward G. Kendall is still in Cleveland, O., according to advices of the 18th inst. The death of his grandfather renders it uncertain whether he will go to San Francisco or return to Boston.....Our Hartford correspondent, writing on the 18th, informs us that one of the games played in that city last week by Maurice Vignaux and Joseph Dion is entitled to a place on the record, it being alike a public contest and for a purse, the latter being $200. It took place on March 16 in the large room over Mali Howins' billiard-rr, it being fitted up in the same way as when Cyrille Dion and B. Frank Dennison played their match there. The admission was one dollar, and the spectators, among whom was Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens), numbered about two hundred. The score is appended:

DION.				VIGNAUX.			
Inn.	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Aver.*	*Inn.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Aver.*
1..	0	9		13..	0	202	9	125
2..	0	9		14..	0	206	23	148
3..	0	35	44	15..	13	219	24	172
4..	60	45	89	16..	4	223	27	199
5..	0	0	89	17..	27	250	0	199
6..	74	134	4	93	18..	0	250	2	201
7..	0	134	0	93	19..	9	259	25	226
8..	0	134	23	116	20..	2	261	66	292
9..	22	156	0	116	21..	24	285	5	297
10..	17	173	0	116	22..	27	312	64	361
11..	5	178	0	116	23..	25	337	39	400
12..	24	202	0	116					

We presume that the table was a 5x10. The averages were—Vignaux, 17.9-23; Dion, 14.15-23. The other Hartford game between these experts, spoken of elsewhere, was played at the rooms of the Hartford Club.....In the private room at Chris O'Connor's, this city, on the 16th inst., Cyrille Dion, for a stake of $50, defeated Tim Flynn, to whom he gave the odds of 125 in 500, three-ball game.....The following is the state for the Manchester, Eng., handicap tournament, as given by *The Sporting Life*:

W. Cook (champion)	scratch	Joseph Bennett (ex-champion)	100
J. Roberts (ex-champion)	100	scratch	160
T. Taylor	100	H. Evans	160
S. W. Stanley	100	A. Bennett	160

With two exceptions—Joseph Bennett (100, instead of scratch) and Stanley (100, instead of 120)—the players meet on the same erms as in Cook's recent tournament. Alfred Bennett with the limit is most favorably handicapped. The prize of ten guineas, offerred by the "Manchester Limited," is not for the highest run, but for the best average. The maker of the highest run, however will receive a sprize.....The tables at John Irelands "Star," Lispenard street, are to be thoroughly overhauled.....John Riordan, the well-known Canadian paper-mill owner, has ordered one of H. W. Collender's tables for his residence in St. Catherines, and the Neptune Rowing Association of West New Brighton, Staten Island, have ordered a pocket and a carom table of the same maker.....Among the *ondits* in professional circles is one to the effect that a prominent manufacturing house is suspended. It is not so, arrangements having been entered into by which compensation is envisted....Additional billiard matters will be found on an inside page.

THE GAVIT BENEFIT.

Arrangements have been made for a grand exhibition at Tammany Hall, on the night of March 26, in aid of the family of the late David G. Gavit, whose signal services in behalf of billiards should insure a handsome recognition for these he has left behind. This is not the programme that the deceased, with his vast experience to guide him, would have planned. Nevertheless, we hope that the public will forget that it is to take place on Good Friday night, and also forget that the players' claims to have originated this scheme is financially interested in the receipts of the same hall in the same week, which will explain why the match between Vignaux and Cyrille Dion has been billed to take place not after the Gavit benefit, but on the night before. That the living take precedence on a poor house—only the dead, as represented by his relatives, is given the worst of it. All of us know what two public billiard entertainments on successive nights mean—financia ruin to the second; and all that can now save this Gavit benefit—which in its present shape is the scheme of a few, whereas it should be the project of the manufacturers and roomkeepers in town—are such men as H. W. Collender, Chris O'Conner and Tim Flynn, who have severally been handed packages of tickets to the value of $200, $100 and $50. It is impossible to sell these tickets on any such light as Good Friday, even if there were no counter-attraction to obscure the exhibition; and this shows the utter folly of engaging Tammany Hall at a probable cost of three hundred dollars, with nearly one hundred more for a platform, to say nothing of printing. These expenses are a sheer waste of money. The platform will doubtless be contributed; but our advice is not to erect it up, and so contribute the nominal cost directly to the fund. Our further advice is to pay forfeit on the hall and postpone this exhibition, if it must be given in a public building, until a more auspicious occasion, when there shall be no Good Friday to require the public's presence elsewhere, and no championship match to overshadow the cause of charity. As the committee that professedly has this matter in hand is Mr. Chris O'Connor. He occupies that position virtually under protest, and has had, probably likes Messrs. Collender and Flynn, no voice in the arrangements. As one of the few, probably less than half a dozen, who will have to bear the financial brunt, he should use his influence towards causing a change of programme. He knows, as we know, that these projects, while they are useful as subserving another purpose, never pay expenses; and he furthermore knows that, however great may be the desire on the part of the public to testify to the eminence of the services of the deceased, no mere billiard exhibition, be the cause ever so worthy, can bear up against the combined influences of Good-Friday night and a championship match on the night before. The parties who are responsible for this programme know this, too, else they would have reversed it, putting the benefit on first and the match afterwards. As there are but a few days remaining, the scheme will have to be departed from, or else it will require the combined efforts of all the manufacturers and roomkeepers in the city to make the box-office show anything substantial. If the programme cannot now be departed from, we trust that this general co-operation of roomkeepers and manufacturers shall not be lacking, even if the championship match has to be ignored in a measure.

CIVIL RIGHTS IN THE BILLIARD-ROOM.—About five years ago, Mr. Peter Katzenbach, a well-known hotel-keeper in Trenton, N. J., opened a billiard-room in connection with his establishment, which room has since become noted as the resort of a select class of customers. On the night of the 15th inst., two colored gentlemen, named Horace Deyo and Henry Ouquee, wished to play a game or two therein; but the sturdy German, preferring their room to their company, refused them the balls. A complaint was promptly lodged against Mr. K., and he was arrested by U. S. Deputy-marshal Boswell and brought before Commissioner Shreve on the charge of having violated the civil-rights law. It was claimed for the hotel-keeper that billiards did not come under the head of amusements mentioned in that law, and that therefore no offense had been committed. The hearing of the case was adjourned until the 24th inst., and meantime Mr. Katzenbach is held in $1,000. Should the decision of the Commissioner be in favor of the complainants, the effect of this one branch of the civil-rights law will probably be to advance the price of billiards. It is at the option of the room-keeper to charge by the game or by the hour, and one dollar a game or five dollars an hour would about equal the roomkeepers with respect to civil rights.

Since the foregoing was placed in type, we have received the subjoined extract from the Savannah *Evening Ne ws* of March 13, forwarded by Charli s A. Frink, formerly of Savannah, but now in charge of the room at the Marshall House, Savannah:

"I walked into the Mans'on billiard room this morning with a view to employ a few leisure moments in a game of billiards. We jerked up a stick, and was a'most to the immediate vicinity of the white, carom on the spittoon, and point on the stovepipe, when our attention was called to the new list of prices made necessary by the recent heavy increase in taxation. We cast our optic als upon the slip, and to our great astonishment saw a conscientious car which conveyed these foll wing startling intelligence, which we read with a trembling tone of voice:

"BILLIARDS.

"PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Sicle handed game	$40 00
Five handed game	30 00
Four-handed game	100 00

"The figures speak for themselves, and we need only say that we rushed out from the door and attempted to carry out his diabolical purpose by force. He threw her down; but the peor woman, armed with extraordinary strength, succeeded, after a desperate struggle, in regaining her feet. The struggle was again renewed, and during its continuance Mrs. Bowman succeeded in getting hold of Riley's watch chain and tearing it off. She also tore the bosom of his shirt, containing some studs. Riley, after a struggle of perhaps five minutes, became frightened at the sound of footsteps approaching the house, and left. Mrs. Bowman, overcome with shame, fainted away from the reaction which had set in after the excitement. The children were so small that they could render her no assistance whatever, and it was some time before she recovered her senses. The lady, whose husband works at the Stock Yards, immediately sent for Hilton, and the company visited Justice Boydston yesterday afternoon, and swore out a State warrant for Riley's arrest. This is the story which Mrs. Bowman tells. On the other hand, Riley denies all knowledge of the matter. He was arrested this morning by Sergeant Hood, and brought up for trial before Justice Boydon. Owing to the severe illness of Mrs. Bowman, the case was continued in $1 000 bail until the 11th instant. The man Riley is a rather fine-looking man, with the appearance of a farmer. He is said to be a very wealthy man.—*Chicago* (Ill.) *Post and Mail*, March 9.

ANOTHER DEATH FROM MALPRACTICE.—A case of malpractice, by which a young lady lost her life, came to the knowledge of the Brooklyn, L. I., police authorities on Monday. The name of the unfortunate victim is Antoinette Fenner, and she resided at No. 68 President street with her father, Charles Fenner. Miss Fenner was twenty years of age, and possessed of more than ordinary personal attractions. She was of a very gay disposition, and her father, who is a furrier, being in fair circumstances, the last few years of her life were spent in a constant round of amusements. Some weeks ago Miss Fenner became very ill, and on Feb. 28 Drs. Skene and Ford were called to attend her. These gentlemen at once discovered that the unfortunate girl had been the victim of malpractice. Every effort was made to save her life, but in vain, and on Sunday evening she died. Coroner Simms was notified of the case and held an inquest, which terminated on the 17th in a verdict that deceased came to her death at the hands of Catherine Maxwell, by abortion, and that Jennie R. Gale and John H. Betts (proprietor of the Eastern Hotel in this city, to whom Miss Fenner is said to have been engaged) were accessories. The accused parties were permitted to go on the bail they had already given.

THE JURY in the case of Miss Meta C. Gatge against George Tonjes of Brooklyn, L. I., for $20,000 damages for breach of promise, rendered a verdict awarding the plaintiff six cents.

THE AMATEUR RULE OF CALLED BALLS.

A letter from Mr. Darling of the Amateur Association calls attention to an alleged error in our report of the Amateur Convention as follows:

BROOKLYN, March 18, 1875.

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir*: In the report of the meeting of the National Amateur Association, published in your issue of the 20th inst., I notice a serious error in your criticism of the amateur rule relating to "called balls," in saying that the clause, *And also all balls hitting the striker while within the lines of his position must be called*," conflicts with the rule defining "dead balls." The Amateur Committee at Worcester corrected the section on "dead balls" so that it now reads (Rule IV., Sec. 10): "All balls delivered to the bat which shall either touch the striker's bat without being struck at, or which shall hit the person of the umpire, except passed balls, shall be considered as 'dead balls,' and no player shall be put out, base be run, nor run be scored on any such ball." The committee were not, as in your supposed case, scattered all over the country; and therein lies the difference. We are surprised that he asks this question, as he gave his opinion recently in the presence of witnesses that no amended contract was legal. Mr. Wright then proceeded to give *his* estimation of the Judiciary Committee of 1874, who illegally insisted, in spite of all law, upon overriding the rules of the Association in hearing this case. Their action speaks for itself, and not even the encomiums of Harry Wright can change that action. Had the representative of the Chicago Club stopped the first five men he met on the street and presented his case to them, they would have had exactly the same jurisdiction in it that the five men he *did* get together had, and no more.

In answer to Mr. Wright's next question, the Athletic Club beg to assure him that it is *not* because the decision of the illegally-sitting committee "does not meet our views," that *we* "seek to reverse it;" but because it is not in accordance with Rule IV. Section 4. We desire to call his attention particularly to two things in this connection—first, that our protest against the hearing of the case *by the committee of 1874* was entered at the *very beginning* of the case, and not after we found that "the decision was adverse" to us; and secondly, please note Mr. Wright, that the Boston Club, of which you are a member, took precisely the same action at a meeting of the Judiciary Committee for 1875, where the Philadelphia Club failed to observe the same rule, in a charge brought against your club by them. You proceed to say that you think the Force "case should not have been acted upon or brought before the Convention of '74." Would it be asking too much to ask why you think so? The Athletic Club, not in fact even a member of the Convention for '75, thought so, and we point to Rule IV. Sec. 4 of the rules of the Association for our reason. Now, what is your reason? You then ask: "How long will the National Association avoid if clubs composing it violate its rules with impunity?" etc. That is what we want to know, too; and we suggest that you address your question, as you have done, to the committee for '74 and the Chicago Club, both of whom have broken and ignored a vital rule, and not to ourselves, who have done neither. Truly yours, CHAS. SPALDING, President Athletic R. B. C.

We should state, in regard to Mr. Wright's letter, that it was not written for the paper, but personally to the editor, though not private; and as it presented the other side of the question, or rather the views of an influential man, we gave them verbatim. In giving publicity to the communication we simply desire to further the question fully before the fraternity, so that they may see the necessity of a revision of the constitution, which we said was so necessary.

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THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, March 22.

LADIES' LIST.

Bailey, Ella
Bateman, Alice
Berger, Anna 3c.
Blande, Edith
Bell, Emily (char. act. artist)
Bishop, Dora
Belmont, Clara N.
Cushman, Charlotte
Campbell, Josie
Clifton, Viola (2)
Cooper, Mrs. Fred.
Claire Sisters
Collom or Banigin, Ida
Cushman, Cora
Cassell, Charlotte
Chapman, Mrs. Julia
Colton, Mrs. Mary
Clark, Nellie (club-swinger)
D'Ormer, Mad. Ilc.
De Wells, Kittie
De Jong, Minnie
Dottie Dimple, Miss
De Brent, Sadie 6c.
Danisch, Nellie
Delmay, Lu lu (vocalist)
Dunn, Capt.
Converse, Frank B.
Cameron, Jas.
"Cincinnatus"
Colville, Saml.
Crew, Gilbert (2)
Carl, Jno. C.
Chubbuck, Fred
Crosby, Oriental 2
Collins, Jas.
Culbertson, Frank T.
Cohan, Jerry
Chaplin, Geo. D.
Carlisle, Brother of G. Charles)
Crispini, T.
Church, Chas. L.
Cambridge, A. G. (2)
Connolly, Chas. M.
Cooper, Jas. (circus prop.)
Cassim, Mr.
Chriski, Martini
Costello, Fred
Corbyn, Wilson B.
Charles, Geo. W.
Collins, E. T. J.
Atkinson, A.
Aymar, Willie T.
Arbuckle, M. (musician)
Allen, D (of "Bl'k Crook" Co)
Andre, Albert
Atkins, W. (of Gt. East. "Jr")
Ahrens, Carl
Adams, Grimaldi
Byron, O. Doud
Bailey, Harry
Beatty, Robt. H.
Burch, R. S.
Bisbee, Frank
Breed & Downie
Brown, E. B.
Blossom Bros.
Brewster, Geo.
Brown & Gleason
Buckley, Harry
Bohn, Tommy
Burgess, Joe
Burton, Tommy (candy "biz")
Berger, Fred G. (2 6c.
Buckley, B. (of Buckley's Hippo.)
Boni, Prof. S. (show "biz")
Benton, C (of "Uncle Tom's Cab" Co.
Brooks, Ellis
Baker & Farron
Brophy, Thos. C.
Brannan, Mike M.
Burnell, Geo.
Bellport, J. R.
Baldwin & Bassett
Burtnabee, H. C.
Bright, H.
Brooks, Ellis
Brown, W. R. business manag.
Carberry, Jno. P.
Chase, W. J.
Cleveland

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

THE GIRL I LOVE AND I.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A little cottage on the hill,
Deep shaded by the trees—
Ye gods! it is a cosy nook.
Where wafts the evening breeze.
And there a maid, with dewy lip,
Will meet me by-and-bye,
And pleasure's cup we'll freely sip,
The girl I love and I.

And yet of earthly goods no store
Has been laid up for me;
I envy none his gold galore,
Nor ships upon the sea.
For diamond rings we have no greed,
For wealth we never sigh;
Good health and strength are all we need,
The girl I love and I.

Her face, perhaps, is not so fair
As some that I have known;
But, then, her heart for me is bare,
And she is all my own.
Go search the earth, I do not care—
Though, faith! you needn't try—
You'll never find a happier pair
Than she I love and I.

And yet misfortune in our day,
And sorrow has been ours,
But we expect along life's way
To meet both clouds and showers.
So, while the star of hope is bright
And beaming in the sky,
We'll trust to luck and to the right,
The girl I love and I.

A MARRIED WOMAN'S MISDOINGS.

Scudamore vs. Scudamore, Breese and Grindley.—This was the husband's petition for a divorce, on the ground of his wife's adultery with the co-respondents. He also sued for damages against the co-respondents. Neither the respondent nor the co-respondent Breese answered or appeared; but the co-respondent Grindley answered, and denied the adultery. The petitioner is a plasterer, and he was married to the respondent at the parish church of St. Giles, Camberwell, in December, 1861. After the marriage they resided at Peckham and other places about South London, and there are five children the issue of the marriage. They lived happily together up to 1871, when the petitioner went out to America in order to prosecute his trade in a more profitable manner than he could do in this country. On leaving, he left his wife in a good home, with plenty of money, and after he went out to America he sent his wife in all about £300. In the Autumn of 1873 certain rumors reached him about his wife which induced him to come home. On reaching London he found that his wife was keeping a lodging-house at Charlton. He thought she did not receive him as affectionately as she ought to have done, and from what he saw afterwards his suspicions were confirmed. She was in the habit of leaving the bed after the petitioner went to sleep; and one night, the 4th Nov., 1873, on waking up and finding his wife absent, he got up and searched for her, when he found her in bed with the co-respondent Breese, who was a lodger in the house. He at once turned Breese out of the house, and had never lived with his wife since. The co-respondent Grindley is a baker at New Cross, and a married man. After the petitioner separated from his wife, he met Grindley at Peckham and taxed him with having received £200 from his wife and committed adultery with her. Grindley replied that he had only got £100, and that as to the adultery it was all right, and, snapping his fingers in the petitioner's face, he said he did not care twopenny-worth of gin for him. From further inquiries the petitioner found that while he was away Grindley was constantly in the habit of visiting his wife, and he then commenced the present proceedings. The evidence as to the adultery with Breese was clear enough, but Mr. Grindley, the other co-respondent, went into the witness-box, and gave a positive denial to ever having committed adultery with the respondent. He was intimate with the parties, and after the petitioner left for America both his wife and himself visited the respondent. His wife and he were on the most friendly terms. When the respondent received a sum of any amount from her husband she was in the habit of giving it to him to take care of it, and he gave it to her as she wanted it. When she took the lodging-house at Charlton he advanced her £25, and at the present time there was due to him £17. After the respondent took the lodging-house he was in the habit of supplying her with tea and coffee for the lodgers, and that caused him to go to the house. When he went there he was seldom or ever alone with the respondent, as he passed the time he was in the house with the lodgers. As to what had been said about the meeting at Peckham, there was no truth in it whatever. He did not meet petitioner on the occasion referred to. All that took place was, the petitioner said "You have got money from my wife." He replied, "All the money I have got from your wife I have paid her back, and she now owes me a considerable sum." That was all that passed. He bade the petitioner good-morning, and they separated. The petitioner never said a word as to his having committed adultery with his wife. Mrs. Grindley was called, and spoke as to the intimacy between the parties, but she never saw the least familiarity between her husband and the respondent. On the conclusion of the whole of the evidence the counsel on either side addressed the jury upon it. The learned Judge then summed it up to them, telling them that as to the adultery with Breese there was no question, and it did seem somewhat strange that they should be asked to assess damages against Grindley for the value of a wife who had been stolen by her husband in bed with Breese. The jury, after a brief consultation in their box, gave a verdict to the effect that the respondent had committed adultery with Breese, but that she had not committed adultery with Grindley, nor he with her. The Court accordingly pronounced a decree nisi for the adultery with Breese, and assessed damages against him to the amount of £25.—*London* (Eng.) *Sunday Times*, Feb. 28.

A MOCK MARRIAGE AND A YOUNG GIRL'S RUIN.

Mary Shuttleworth, aged about sixteen years, a prepossessing brunette, residing at No. 148 Bergen street, Brooklyn, was introduced something over a year ago into one Abraham Lawrence's merchant tailor, Fulton street, aged thirty-three years. Mr. Lawrence was a very plausible man, and by his conversational powers won the affection of the young girl, and when he had obtained from her the acknowledgement that his affection was returned he informed her that it is alleged, she was united in marriage to a woman at the earnest prayer of the latter, from whom he was then endeavoring to obtain a divorce, adding that when he had succeeded he would lead Mary to the altar. The poor girl, unused to the ways of the world, put implicit faith in his words, and as from time to time he informed her of the progress of the suit she hoped for a life of happiness with him in the future. When, therefore, he informed her that the suit was ended and he was free to marry her whom he loved, she was content to marry him at once. Accordingly, on Sunday evening last, it is alleged, he induced her to accompany him to the Eastern District for that purpose, he desiring to be united, he said, by a minister who was an old friend. Lawrence took her to a house in Leonard street, kept, it is said, by a woman named Augusta Armstrong and Emil Fangaux, who, to cover their vile traffic, also carried on a watch and clock business on the first floor. Lawrence introduced her to those present, who were the two above-named persons, Frank Fagan and Andrew Wagner, two young men, and an elderly female named Caroline Smith. He then withdrew to get the minister. In half an hour he returned with a seemingly reverend gentleman, who carried a large new Bible in his hands and wore a white cravat. He supposed clergyman stepped forward and cordially greeted Miss Shuttleworth, and, after asking her if she was ready to go on with the ceremony, and receiving an affirmative reply, called on the couple to stand up, and, in presence of the parties named, pretended to unite them in marriage. The usual congratulations were exchanged, the clergyman (?) withdrew, and by preconcerted arrangement the couple were provided with a room, and the purpose of Lawrence was accomplished. On Monday morning he took her home to her parents' residence, and, leaving her there, promised to call for her and take her home to his own residence as soon as he had somewhat refurnished it. Meanwhile the young men Wagner and Fagan, suspecting some foul play in the matter, informed Captain Kaiser of the Sixth Precinct Police of all the circumstances. Captain Kaiser detailed Sergeant Titus, Detective Thue, and Officer John Hamilton to work up the case; and, after a thorough investigation, they arrested Fangaux, his mistress Armstrong, and Caroline Smith, and after they had been incarcerated they confessed the names of the actors in the outrage. George Williams, a well-educated but dissipated young man, resiliding in Lafayette avenue, was arrested yesterday morning and identified as the party who acted as the clergyman. Williams was taken before Judge Eames, and all he could say in justification was that he was under the influence of liquor; but the others deny that this was the fact, as Williams, in their estimation, was perfectly sober. He was committed to jail for examination, and the others were also committed as either witnesses or accessories. The most earnest efforts are being made to capture Lawrence, but thus far without success. The victim, Miss Shuttleworth, is suffering terribly in mind from the outrage perpetrated on her, and her appearance and mode of demeanor excited general sympathy in the court-house, the attendance, which was very large, manifesting their hatred of the crime in language more forcible than elegant, after the proceedings had been concluded.—*N. Y. Herald*, March 10.

A CASE OF CRIMINAL MALPRACTICE.

On the evening of March 16 Capt. Gunner of the Eighteenth Precinct received information from Dr. Robert A. Barry of No. 233 East Thirteenth street, to the effect that Mrs. Annie J. Curtis, aged twenty-four, residing at No. 12 Union square, was lying at the point of death from the effects of criminal malpractice. The captain at once proceeded to the house where he found Mrs. Curtis sinking rapidly. An investigation was made, which resulted in the arrest of Mr. Benjamin Gregory of No. 324 West Twenty-third street, and Mrs. Annie J. Ihl, a woman long under the surveillance of the police, and residing at No. 207 East Forty-ninth street. These parties were arrested by Detective Mullen of the Eighteenth Precinct on suspicion. Coroner Croker was informed of the case, and was requested by Capt. Gunner to take the ante-mortem deposition of the dying woman. Accompanied by Dr. MacWhinnie and the prisoners, the Coroner went to Mrs. Curtis' apartments and took her statement. It appears from her deposition that she was a member of the choir of an up-town church, where Mr. Gregory is employed as organist. The latter is about forty years of age, and is a man of family. Mrs. Curtis is a married woman, but her husband has been absent for a number of years in California. For some time past an improper intimacy had existed between Mr. Gregory and Mrs. Curtis, which resulted in the woman finding herself enciente. Becoming alarmed at her condition, she searched the columns of a morning journal for relief, and was attracted by the advertisement of Mme. Annie J. Ihl. She called on this female quack, who, at her solicitation, performed several operations upon her, which resulted in her severe illness. Her friends, ignorant of what had transpired, and alarmed at her sudden and severe illness, called in Dr. Barry, who, speedily discovering her condition, and learning from her the treatment she had been subjected to by Mme Ihl, notified Capt. Gunner. At her bedside, in the presence of the Coroner, Mrs. Curtis positively identified Mrs. Ihl as the woman who had operated upon her with instruments. She also stated that Mr. Gregory was the cause of her ruin; but asserted with great vehemence that he was not aware of her condition, or that she had called in the services of Mrs. Ihl. Of this she assured that Mr. Gregory was entirely ignorant, and had not counseled or advised such a course. In view of this statement, Coroner Croker allowed Mr. Gregory to remain at the bedside of the dying woman in charge of an officer, while Mrs. Ihl was taken to the East Twenty-second street Police-station and locked up for further examination. Mrs. Curtis died on the 17th inst. In view of the statement on the part of the dying woman, and of facts ascertained by the police, it was decided by the Coroner to admit Mr. Gregory to bail in the sum of $1,000, it being considered that, whatever his relations with Mrs. Curtis might have been, he was wholly unaware of her having visited the woman Ihl, and had advised her not to take any such steps. Deputy-coroner McWhinney made a post-mortem examination on the body, and found extensive laceration, the result of an operation. Mme. Ihl was committed to the Tombs.

The funeral of the victim took place yesterday. The remains were in a rosewood coffin, covered with flowers, the gifts of numerous friends, of whom there were present Max Strakosch (who had arranged for the appearance of the deceased on the operatic stage at an early day), Lafayette Harrison, Signor Ernani, Signor Albites, John McKenzie, Ercole Macoggi, Giovanni Ranen, Edowardo Ragazzi, A. Ardavani, and many others well known in musical circles. Rev. Dr. Tiffany, pastor of the Church of the Atonement, of the choir of which Mrs. Curtis was a member, officiated, and read the funeral service of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The members of the choir who were present sang the "Rock of Ages," and then the services were brought to a conclusion. Deceased was taken to the Marble Cemetery for burial.—*N. Y. Times*, March 19.

Mr. Gregory has since been discharged by the Coroner, while Madame Ihl is held to await the action of the Grand Jury.

A BEREDICT ELOPES WITH A DASHING WIDOW.—Our quiet little suburb of Washington Heights is just now stirred up from centre to circumference with a sensation of the modern kind, with the usual accompaniments of scandal—wife and children deserted—woman at the bottom of it—all dished up in as good style as it can be done in the city. It arose from the mysterious disappearance, a few days ago, of Mr. George Waters, a man who has heretofore moved in the first circles in Washington Heights society. He is a contractor or boss carpenter, and has also been intrusted with the important duties of collector for the incorporation. He was also a member in good standing of the Bethany Union Church, and was clerk of their body. A few days after he went away, leaving his wife and six children in ignorance of his whereabouts, a letter was received, dated New York, saying that he was about to sail for England, his native country, and giving as a reason why he did not tell his wife and family, that they were unwilling that he should go across the water, and he feared they would withhold their consent. He added that he would be back in a few weeks. Since then certain interesting facts have been developed, which, perhaps, throw some light on Mr. Waters' singular conduct. It has been ascertained that he mortgaged his property before leaving to Mr. R. P. Hildrup, receiving the snug little sum $3,000 with which to defray his expenses. He stated that he was going to see his mother at Crete, near Kankakee, in this State. In addition, a very handsome young widow of the place also disappeared about the same time, and nobody knows where she has gone. Putting all the circumstances together, and remembering how such things generally go, the best society at Washington Heights conclude that such singular coincidences as those discovered in this case can be accounted for in but one way—Waters raised all the money he could, went to New York, the handsome young widow met him there, and if either of them sailed for England, both have gone together. The wife and family are deserted and left destitute, and the good name of the church sadly scandalized. It is to be hoped that the matter will be cleared up to the credit of all parties, but at present the chances are against it.—*Chicago* (Ill.) *Eve. Journal*, March 11.

BREACH OF PROMISE.—A notable breach-of-promise case was entered yesterday at the commencement of the Spring term of the Washington County Court, at Montpelier, Vt. The plaintiff is Miss Hattie J. Bradshaw of Manchester, N. H., and the defendant is John W. Page of Montpelier, twenty-seven years old, a graduate of Dartmouth and the son of the wealthy banker John A. Page, who is also State-treasurer of Vermont. The young man is also an assistant in his father's office, and was married to a Miss Higgins of Bolton, Vt., in September last. The plaintiff alleges that John W. Page began to pay her marked attention early in the year 1871, and that his attention was not continued very long when a proposition of marriage was made by the defendant and accepted by the plaintiff. She further alleges that the defendant, by repeated and renewed promises of marriage and other divers means and arguments, accomplished her ruin, meeting all her importunities to have the marriage solemnized by trivial excuses, which, though far from being satisfactory to her, accomplished the purpose of postponing their nuptials. Plaintiff further alleges, when her condition became known, she urged the defendant to fulfill his promise and undertake to marry her at once, and save the disgrace of them both. To this, as alleged, he made reply that he had a friend who was a physician who would, for a small sum, get her out of the affair all right, and that some time thereafter, when defendant could get ready, he would marry her. She further alleges that she could do no better than to follow defendant's wishes, and in so doing nearly lost her own life and became permanently injured and ruined. Another suit is entered in the same court by the same plaintiff against Dr. G. N. Brigham of Montpelier, who is a well-known physician and a man of property, and one who makes some pretensions as a poet, having published a volume of verse called "Harvest Moon." In the declaration in this suit the plaintiff alleges that the defendant at Montpelier administered to her preparations calculated to produce abortion, and that his object was accomplished in two attempts with drugs and implements. This writ was served on Dr. Brigham in a few days after his return with his second wife from Chicago, where he was married to her on the 12th of February last.—*Boston* (Mass.) *Herald*, March 11.

CHARGED WITH INDECENT ASSAULT.—A dastardly outrage, horrible in its intent, and made startling by the position held by the perpetrator, was attempted yesterday in the town of Cicero. About 9 o'clock in the morning, as Mrs. Catherine Bowman, living near the Brighton House in that town, was busy working in her kitchen, a man named James Riley, a constable of the town of Cicero, came to her door, and told the child who answered his summons that his business was with her mother. Mrs. Bowman immediately came to the door and asked him his business, but received in reply some very insulting proposals, which she very promptly negatived. Instead of taking himself off, he forced the door open and attempted to carry out his diabolical purpose by force. He threw her down, and but the poor woman, armed with extraordinary strength, succeeded, after a desperate struggle, in regaining her feet. The struggle was again renewed, and during its continuance Mrs. Bowman succeeded in catching hold of Riley's watch-chain, which she snapped off. She also tore the clothing from his person, and, after obtaining some studs, Riley, after a struggle of perhaps five minutes, became frightened at the sound of footsteps approaching the house, and left. After his departure the poor woman fainted away from the reaction which had set in after the excitement. The children were so small that they could render her no assistance whatever, and it was some time before she recovered her senses. The lady, whose husband works at the Stock Yards, immediately sent for him, and in his company visited Justice Boyden yesterday afternoon, and swore out a State warrant for Riley's arrest. This is the story which Mrs. Bowman tells. On the other hand, Riley denies all knowledge of the matter. He was arrested this morning by Sergeant Hood, and brought up for trial before Justice Boyden. Owing to the severe illness of Mrs. Bowman, the case was continued in bail to 9:00 bail to 10th inst. The man Riley is a rather fine-looking man, with the appearance of a farmer. He is said to be a very wealthy man.—*Chicago* (Ill.) *Post and Mail*, March 9.

ANOTHER DEATH FROM MALPRACTICE.—A case of malpractice, by which a young lady lost her life, came to the knowledge of the Brooklyn, L. I., police authorities on March 15. The name of the unfortunate victim is Antoinette Fenner, and she resided at No. 68 President street with her father, Charles Fenner. Miss Fenner was twenty years of age, and possessed of more than ordinary personal attractions. She was of a very gay disposition, and her father, who is a furrier, being in fair circumstances, the last two years of her life were spent in a constant round of amusements. Some weeks ago Miss Fenner became very ill, and on Feb. 28 Drs. Skene and Ford were called to attend her. These gentlemen at once discovered that the unfortunate girl had been the victim of malpractice. Every effort was made to save her life, but in vain, and on Sunday evening she died. Coroner Simms was notified of the case and held an inquest, which terminated on the 17th in a verdict that deceased came to her death at the hands of Catherine Maxwell, by abortion, and that Jennie R. Gale and John H. Betts (proprietor of the Eastern Hotel in this city, to whom Miss Fenner was said to have been engaged) were accessories. The accused parties were permitted to go on the bail they had already given.

THE JURY in the case of Miss Meta C. Gatge against George Tonjes of Brooklyn, L. I., for $20,000 damages for breach of promise, rendered a verdict awarding the plaintiff six cents.

BILLIARDS.

UP AND DOWN THE TABLE.

Mr. J. M. Richards of Cleveland was in town last week, and went the rounds of the leading rooms. .....Emanuel Brunswick, the Chicago manufacturer, arrived here on the 15th inst., and for several days was the guest of A. P. Rudolphe. He quotes billiards at the West as quiet, but firm.....Sorrow has entered the home of Joseph O'Connor of the Columbian Room, who on the 14th inst., having barely recovered from his own severe illness, buried an interesting child, aged eleven years.....His partner, Capt. Thomas Murphy, has also been in feeble health, having been afflicted with erysipelas of the head in addition to the asthma that has troubled him for so many years.....Garnier and Maurice Daly will resume their cushion-carom contest for that diamond ring as soon as the tournament in Brooklyn shall have been concluded.....Ex-Mayor Ambrose C. Kingland, the father of the Central Park, has just purchased one of G. E. Phelan's tables for his residence, and the New York Press Club, originally known as the Journalistic Fraternity, have done likewise with respect to their headquarters in Newspaper Row.....Racine College, Racine, Wis., has just been furnished with a J. M. Brunswick & Balke table, as also has the Alemania Club of Cincinnati.....The health of Dudley Kavanagh, at the Hot Springs, is reported as improved; but, say private advices dated March 14, he will not return to this city for a month yet.....D. D. Collins, for many years foreman for Phelan & Collender, later in charge of G. E. Phelan's manufactory, and for some months past in business in San Francisco, has been ordered home by his physician, and will start about April 25.....Vignaux and Rudolphe returned last week from their exhibition tour in Hartford, Worcester, etc.....P. H. Hultz's room at Port Washington was opened last week, as also was that of Dr. Hahn's at Catskill, N. Y.....Will Moran of Corning, N. Y., is matched to play 300 up, French, for $50 a side, with Frederick Brandt of Scranton. The game will be played at the Opera-house, in that city, in about two weeks' time.....John J. Wizeman, the veteran roomkeeper, has refurnished his room in this city with new tables of G. E. Phelan's make.....P. D. Kilduff, as we learn from San Francisco, is engaged in an official capacity on a steamboat plying between that city and Sacramento.....Francois Ubassy is at present disengaged. He contemplates challenging Garnier to play him for $500 a side.....Maurice Daly, at his room in the Spingler House, will sell pool on the Vignaux-C. Dion match, and also on the Brooklyn tournament, having made arrangements to receive telegrams as to the progress of the latter. He will begin selling on the first event on the 24th.....It looks now as if, after all the fuss that has been made about it, there will be no match between Vignaux and Garnier. The latter has verbally declined to play on any table save that which he has all along named, thus confirming the popular impression at the outset, that, so far as he was individually concerned, his challenges to Vignaux and Rudolphe were meant for the newspapers and a billiard table, instead of for those players.....Rudolphe is our auth rity for announcing that he himself, with the assistance of friends, will, in the course of a week or two, challenge Vignaux for the cup and the championship of the world.".....Eleven-ball pool is a Western novelty that as yet has not been introduced at the East.....The match between Henry Phannkuchen and Samuel C. Sammis, for the Long Island championship, is to be played at A. R. Samuells' room, Brooklyn, on Easter Monday, March 29.....The Deane Brothers of that city are having a movable platform built for the large hall over their room, with the view of giving billiard entertainments therein.....Harry Clifton has sold his billiard-room and chop-house in Houston street, the reported price being $13,000.....Rudolph's (not A. P.) in Fulton street was sold at auction on the 15th inst., the tables bringing $105 apiece.....George E. Phelan last week visited Philadelphia professionally.....In Hartford, Ct., on the 16th inst., Joseph Dion defeated Vignaux by a score of 250 to 174, and later in the day Vignaux beat Dion by 400 to 337.....A room is to be opened this week in the Wood's Museum building, this city, and there is a prospect that Budd Scofield, a very capable superintendent, will be placed in charge of it.....One of Griffith's tables has been ordered for the President of Lima, Peru.....Henry Meigs, well-known here, but more favorably known in South America for his railroad enterprises, has also purchased a table for his residence in that country.....Burdick of Norwich, Ct., has purchased the room lately under the control of Isaac Sanderson. This is probably the establishment originally opened by Mr. Burdick, and for a while leased by Melvin Foster.....In the match for the three-ball championship of Ohio, which is to take place at White's Hall, Toledo, this week, Carter is a decided favorite. Those who profess to know advise us that his play in practice has been far superior to that of Gallagher, who will oppose him.....The match between Garnier and Edward Daniels of Boston has fallen through.....On the 15th inst., at Horticultural Hall, Worcester, Mass., Rudolphe, although making a run of 95 points, was beaten by Vignaux by a score of 400 to 336, the winner's average being a trifle above 10. Edward Daniels challenges William Sexton of Albany to play him a three-ball game of 600 points for $500, in Boston, and within two weeks.....The Bostonian also offers to play Maurice Daly or C. Dion at the odds of 200 in 600, Garnier at the odds of 250 in 600, and Vignaux at the odds of 300 in 700, the stake to be $250 a side. As this challenge is a virtual rating of players, with Vignaux at the head, Daniels should have named the odds at which he is willing to play Rudolphe, Ubassy and J. Dion, and thus have completed the category..... The success of Adrian Izar in England is akin to the marvelous. He has now been there about six years, and yet his finger-shots appear to be in as great demand as ever. During this time he has on at least two occasions made runs of upwards of 1,000 at the English game. .....The James R. Kendall, clarionet player, whose death in San Francisco was announced in our last issue, was the grandfather of Edward G. Kendall the billiard-player.....The prizes for Cook's recent handicap tournament in London, Eng., have been distributed as follows: John Roberts Jr., £83 2s.; Alfred Bennett, £73 17s. 4d.; William Cook Jr., J. Taylor and S. W. Stanley, £55 8s. each; L. Kilkenny, £36 15s. 8d.; W. Timbrell, £27 14s.; and Joseph Bennett, £18 9s. 4d. The ticket, valued at $50, and presented by Chris. O'Connor of this city for the highest run, fell to Taylor, who made 248..... It is reported from Chicago that in the tournament to be held there next month there will be sixteen competitors. This unusual number will entail the playing of at least 1200 games. A letter just at hand from Thomas Foley, the manager of the tourney, fails to state that there are so many entries.....A Cleveland correspondent writes that Gallagher, in practicing for the match of the 25th, has made runs of 74, 82 and 83, and that John Frawley thinks sowell of his chances that he will take the whole of his stake, $250, if necessary. .....Per contra, we are assured from Toledo that that city will back Carter to almost any amount..... William Sexton and Charles Effler are to play the first of their $100 games in Albany on the 24th inst..... There is to be a tournament shortly at the rooms of the Phoenix Club, Rochester, in which Griffith, the well-known roomkeeper of that city, who makes frequent trips to this, but never stays overnight, was here on the 16th inst.....Edward G. Kendall is still in Cleveland, O., according to advices of the 18th inst. The death of his grandfather renders it uncertain whether he will go to San Francisco or return to Boston. .....Our Hartford correspondent, writing on the 18th, informs us that one of the games played in that city last week by Maurice Vignaux and Joseph Dion is entitled to a place on the record, it being alike a public contest and for a purse, the latter being $200. It took place on March 16, in the large room over Matt Hewins' billiardry, it being fitted up in the same way as when Cyrille Dion and B. Frank Dennison played their match there. The admission was one dollar, and the spectators, among whom was Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens), numbered about two hundred. The score is appended:

Dion.				Vignaux.			
Inn.	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Inn.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*
1..	0		9		13..	0	202	9	125
2..	0		9		14..	24	206	23	148
3..	0		35	44	15..	13	219	24	172
4..	60		45	89	16..	4	223	27	199
5..	0		0	89	17..	27	250	0	199
6..	74	134	4	93	18..	0	250	2	201
7..	0	134	0	93	19..	9	259	25	226
8..	0	134	23	116	20..	2	261	66	292
9..	22	156	0	116	21..	24	285	5	297
10..	17	173	0	116	22..	27	312	64	361
11..	5	178	0	116	23..	25	337	39	400
12..	24	202	0	116					

We presume that the table was a 5x10. The averages were—Vignaux, 17.9-23; Dion, 14.15-23. The other Hartford game between these experts, spoken of elsewhere, was played at the rooms of the Hartford Club.....In the private room at Chris O'Connor's, this city, on the 16th inst., Cyrille Dion, for a stake of $50, defeated Tim Flynn, to whom he gave the odds of 125 in 500, three-ball game.....The following is the slate for the Manchester, Eng., handicap tournament, as given by *The Sporting Life:*

W. Cook (champion)	..scratch	Joseph Bennett (ex-champion)	100
J. Roberts (ex-champion	..scratch	L. Kilkenny	160
T. Taylor	100	H. Evans	160
S. W. Stanley	100	A. Bennett	160

With two exceptions—Joseph Bennett (100, instead of scratch) and Stanley (100, instead of 120)—the players meet on the same terms as in Cook's recent tournament. Alfred Bennett with the limit is most favorably handicapped. The prize of ten guineas, offered by the "Manchester Limited," is not for the highest run, but for the best average. The maker of the highest run, however, will receive a prize..... There is talk of a "Leonard Isekeian Cup," Lispenard street, are to be thoroughly overhauled.....Joseph Riordan, the well-known Canadian paper-mill owner, has ordered one of H. W. Collender's tables for his residence in St. Catherines, and the Neptune Rowing Association of West New Brighton, Staten Island, have ordered a fine table and a new ball room for the same maker.....Among the *on dits* in professional circles is one to the effect that a prominent manufacturing house has suspended. This is not so, arrangements having been entered into by which suspension is obviated.....Additional billiard matters will be found on an inside page.

THE GAVIT BENEFIT.

Arrangements have been made for a grand exhibition at Tammany Hall, on the night of March 26, in aid of the family of the late David E. Gavit, whose signal services in behalf of billiards should insure a handsome recognition for these he has left behind. This is not the programme that the deceased, with his vast experience to guide him, would have planned. Nevertheless, we hope that the public will forget that it is to take place on Good Friday night, and also forget that the player who claims to have originated the scheme is strongly interested in the receipts of the same hall in the same week, which will explain why the match betweeen Vignaux and Cyrille Dion has been billed to take place not after the Gavit benefit, but on the night before it. Thus the living take no chances on a poor house—only the dead are represented in his relatives, is given the worst of it. All of us know what two public billiard entertainments on successive nights mean—financial ruin to the second; and all that can now save this Gavit benefit—which in its present shape is the scheme of a few, whereas it should be the project of all the manufacturers and roomkeepers in town—is such men as H. W. Collender, Chris O'Connor and Tim Flynn, who have severally been handed packages of tickets to the value of $200, $100 and $50. It is impossible to sell these tickets on any such night as Good Friday, even if there were no championship match to obscure the exhibition, and this shows the folly of engaging Tammany Hall at a probable cost of three hundred dollars, with nearly one hundred more for a platform, to say nothing of printing. These expenses are a sheer waste of money. The platform will doubtless be contributed; but our advice is not to put it up, as to continue the additional cost directly the hall is rented. Our further advice is to pay forfeit on the hall and postpone this exhibition, if it must be given in a public building, until a more auspicious occasion, when there shall be no Good Friday to require the public's presence elsewhere, and no championship match overshadow the cause of charity. On the committee that has ostensibly had this matter in hand is Mr. Chris O'Connor. He occupies that position virtually under protest, and has had, probably likes Messrs. Collender and Flynn, no voice in the arrangements. As one of the few, probably less than half a dozen, who will have to foot the financial grub, he should use his influence towards causing a change of programme. He knows, as we know, that these projects, while they are useful as subserving another purpose, never pay expenses; and he furthermore knows that, however great may be the desire of the billiard public to testify to the eminence of the services of the deceased, no mere billiard exhibition, be the cause ever so worthy, can bear up against the combined influences of Good-Friday night and a championship match on the night before. The parties who are responsible for this programme know this, too, else they would have reversed it, putting the benefit on first and the match afterwards. As there are but a few days remaining, the scheme will have to be departed from, or else it will require the combined efforts of all the manufacturers and roomkeepers in the city to make the box-office show anything substantial. If the programme cannot now be departed from, we trust that this general cooperation of roomkeepers and manufacturers shall not be lacking, even if the championship match has to be ignored in a measure.

CIVIL RIGHTS IN THE BILLIARD-ROOM.—About five years ago, Mr. Peter Katzenbach, a well-known hotel-keeper in Trenton, N. J., opened a billiard-room in connection with his establishment, which room has since become noted as the resort of a select class of customers. On the night of the 15th inst., two colored gentlemen, named Horace Dayo and Henry Smith, applied to play a game or two therein; but the sturdy German, preferring their room to their company, refused them the balls. A complaint was promptly lodged against Mr. K., and he was arrested by U. S. Deputy-marshal Boswell and brought before Commissioner Shreve on the charge of having violated the civil-rights law. It was claimed for the hotel-keeper that billiards did not come under the head of amusements mentioned in that law, and that therefore no offense had been committed. The hearing of the case was adjourned until the 24th inst., and meantime Mr. Katzenbach is held in $1,000. Should the decision of the Commissioner be in favor of the complainants, the effect of this one branch of the civil-rights law will probably be to advance the price of billiards. It is at the option of the roomkeepers to charge by the game or by the hour, and one dollar a game or five dollars an hour would about square the roomkeepers with respect to civil rights.

Since the foregoing was placed in type, we have received the subjoined extract from the Savannah *Every Evening* of March 13, forwarded by Charles A. Frink, formerly of this city, but now in charge of the room at the Marshall House, Savannah:

We walked into the Marshall-house billiard room this morning with a view to employ a few leisure moments in a game of billiards. We jerked up a stick, and was about to punch the immaculate white, carom on the spittoon, and count on the storepipe, whenour attention was called to the near rise of prices made necessary by the recent heavy increase in business. We cast our optionis upon the wall, and to our great astonishment saw a conscicuous card which conveyed the full-wing startling intelligence, which we read with a trembling tone of voice:

BILLIARDS.
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Single-handed game	$40 00
Three-handed game	80 00
Four-handed game	100 00

The figures speak for our actions; so we need only say that we rushed out frantically, and ere we reached the first corner all idea of learning billiards had vanished. However, we can't complain, as Captain Frink says that the prices "are made to suit the times." We think that ten dollars is about as much as any poor man can afford to pay for a game of billiards.

BASEBALL.

THE AMATEUR SEASON OF 1874.
FOURTH ARTICLE.

The Play and the Players.

There was considerable skill shown in the amateur arena last season, especially in catching and in-field play. Of course we can only comment on the play of such nines as we saw in the principal local games of the season, and of these the clubs which took part were the Chelsea, Nassau, Nameless, Amity and Concord of Brooklyn, the Flyaway and Arlington of New York, and the Staten Island. Among the noteworthy catchers of the above clubs may be named Grierson of the Nameless, Clare of the Amity, Roche of the Chelsea, Redmaine of the Nassau, Decker of the Concords, Knowdell of the Flyaways, Beavens of the Staten Island, and Duncan and McGlynn of the Arlingtons. Grierson was the king pin in taking swift balls close behind the bat; Clare also playing finely in the position, especially in taking low side-balls. There were some players of a New York club who displayed marked ability in the field, but the nine in which they were acted in such a way in one game as to debar them from further notice. Redmaine of the Nassau showed plucky play behind the bat, and so did the majority of the above-named catchers. In fact, there is plenty of catching material in the metropolitan amateur clubs if it was only brought out by professional training. Among other good catchers of 1874 were Roach of the Rivertons; Phillips of the Zephyr of Philadelphia; Carl of the Excelsior and Welch of the Peabody of Baltimore; Skinner of the St. John and Turner of the Royal Club of St. John, New Brunswick; Wolf of the W. B. Collins Club of Philadelphia; Sharp of the Germantown; Thirs of the Evanston and Hudson of Racine, Wis.; Gould of the Wm. Knisely of Hoboken and Halstein of the Waverly; Franks of the National of Peoria; Young of the National and Jennings of the Creighton, both of Washington; Powers of the Olympic of Manhattanville; Titus of the Fleet and Youngcan of the Active of Easton; Dillon of the Red Stockings of St. Louis, and Myers of the Western of Keokuk; Stark of the Star of Springfield, Mass.; Nixon of the Star and Couch of the Una of Northampton, Mass.; Quinn of the Franklin of Chicago; Harbidge of the Riverton, N. J.; Osborne of the Eagle of Louisville; Ellick of the Robert E. Lee and Fisher of the Lone Star of New Orleans; Russell of the Americus of Greenwich, Ct.; Crocker and Dane of the White Stocking Club of Deering, Me.; Maddock of the Maple Leaf of Guelph; Brown of the Star Club of Boston; Cunningham of the Tecumseh of Canada; Smith and Schriver of the Winona of Flatbush; Seward of the Empire of St. Louis; and Kessler, Larkin and Dwyer of the Confidence of New Rochelle. This does not include college-nine players.

Of the latter we have to name Bentley of Yale—the champion of college-club players behind the bat—Parker of Brown University; Thatcher, a fine player, of Harvard; Bausman of Lafayette College, and Potter of Rutgers; Carr of Jasper; Dando of Rose Hill of Fordham College; Lamarche of Seton Hall; Woods of Princeton; McKennan of Trinity, Hartford; Thirs of Evanston University; Begelaw of Yale; and Starke of Amherst.

The amateur pitching of 1874 was not much to brag of, as a general thing. There being no rule regulating the delivery, every style of pitching was indulged in, from the wild toss of the regular pitch to the equally wild but swift underhand throw with the arm raised above the hip, a throw which should be prohibited. If a pitcher cannot throw underhand with the hand swung forward below the line of the hip, he should not occupy the position. The idea in allowing the underhand throw at all was merely to insure accuracy of aim in delivering the ball, which cannot be attained by the swift delivery of a regular pitch.

Among the swift pitchers of our local clubs was Valentine of the Nameless; but he lacked command of the ball. Cassidy of the Nassau would have been an effective swift pitcher, had he had more command of temper. Rogers of the same club promises to excel in the position. Rule of the Chelsea was the best strategist of the amateur pitchers of Brooklyn in 1874, Wilson also being effective. Richardson pitched well at times, but not so regularly as desired. Purry of the Flyaway jerked a ball to the bat with considerable effect, and Blodgett of the Arlington was the best man they placed in the position. Hegeman of the Winona did service in the position, as also did Malone of the Flyaway. Fleet pitched for half a dozen clubs, beginning with the Chelsea as a change pitcher—he can play any position on a ball-field. Walker pitched for the Knickerbockers, as also did Wells; Gallagher did service in the Chatham nine; Donnelly was effective in the Amity Club; Glover pitched well for the Wm. Knisely nine, and Donahue for the Waverly. Mahew also pitched for the Nameless. Among the outside-club pitchers may be named McCall of the St. Louis Empire, W. Smith and Smiley of the Canadian Maple Leaf; Foley of the eBoston Star, O'Rourke of the New Rochelle, Golden of the Western, Walters of the Riverton, Clark of the Zephyr, Stratton of the Peabody of Baltimore—a promising young pitcher; Tucker of the Excelsior, De Veber of St. John, Carrigan of the Collins, McTighe of the Germantown, O'Rourke of the Confidence, Richmond of the Racine, Witherow of the National, Greason of the Creighton, Griffin of the Nameless of Peoria, Ill., Palmer of the National of Keokuk city, Morgan of the St. Louis Reds, Brinsmade of the Star of Springfield, Mass., Millard of the Una of Northampton, Gillen of the Franklin of Chicago, Edwards of the Blue Stocking, Sanford of the Staten Island, Malone

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, March 22.

LADIES' LIST.

Bailey, Ella
Bateman, Alice
Berger, Anna Sc.
Blande, Edith
Bell, Emily (char. act. artist)
Bishop, Dora
Belmont, Clara N.
Cushman, Charlotte
Campbell, Josie
Clifton, Viola (2)
Cooper, Mrs. Fred
Claire Sisters
Colom or Banigin, Ida
Cushman, Cora
Cassell, Chariott
Chapman, Julia
Colton, Mrs. Mary
Clark, Nellie (club swinger)
D'Ormer, Mad. Ile.
De Well, Kittie
De Jong, Minna
Dottie Dimple, Miss
Deniset, Sadie &
Dawson, Nellie
Delmay, Lenia (recalls), Sadie &
Dean, Allie
De Forest, Zoe
Denslow, Fred
Dare, Leona
De Wit, Emma
Ellis, Hattie
Ellis, Lillie
Esmond, Ella
Freeman, Ada
Francis, Lu-lu
Fox, Annie
Fox, Mrs.
Gardiner, Harry (comed.)
Gerry, D. S.
Gilmore, Lizzie
Haynes, Jane
Hogan, Con
Hart, Thos. (circus agent)
Hodges, D. B.
Hernandez, Arthur
Henry, Wm. B.
Hennessy, G. B.
Henry, Hi
"Iron Clad" (4)
Jones, Frank
Jefferson, Jos. ("Rip")
Jones, Mrs. V. (of Martino Co.)
King Bros.
Keyes, D. A.
Kane, Thos.
King, T. C.
Kingslow, J. (mgr.)
Leavitt, Harry
Little, Chas.
Le Grand, —(with Berger Family)(2)
Lawlor, Wm. H.
Leland, Jas. (circus agent)
Lang, Joe
Lewis, Annie
Lawson, Mrs.
Long, Georgie
Miller, Adelaide3c.
McEvoy, J. L.
Murray, J. H. (circus prop.)
Maddocks, Levi J.
Melville, Maginly & Cook's Circus
Mayo, Dan D.
Mayerine, F. (musician)
McNay, Andy 3c.
Mitchell, Wm. (firereater)
Menter, A. E.
Middleton, Geo. Wesley
Mack, J. H (of Robins, Wm.
Masters, John
McEvoy, W. B.
Mathews, Jas. S.6c
Mara, Wm. A. (manager)
Mahlenburg, W. V.
McEvoy, Frank
Makin, Ed. Arden
Maas, C. E.
Marrow, H. (circus clown)
Muzio, Mr. (musician)
Martin, Saml.
Middleton, Geo. (of Int. Circus)
Moore, Geo. F.
Miller, Harry
Mitchell, C. W. (adv. agent)
Mortimer, Gus (2)
Mason, Jr., E. (late Mad. Mac. Mick"
McDonald, G. B
Peak, Miss F. (bell "biz")
Pauline, Mille (vocalist)
Robinson, Minnie (vocalist)
Roberts, Amy
Rogers, Agnes
Richards, Pauline
Schott, Angelique
Swinburne, Miss
Stuart, Adelaide
Smith, Helene
Seymour, Maggie
Stickney, Virginia
Solden's Op. Co., Emily
St. John, Nellie
Spencer, Nettie A.
Swinburne, Marie
Taylor, Mollie
Vincent, Mrs. Fe-lix A.
Woods, Carrie
Vinness, Lillian
Worrell, Sophie
Whitland, Kittie
Wyndham, Alice
Waddell, Louisa (vocalist)
Williams, Mrs. (of Putnam Co.)
Whitcombe, Mrs. A.
Williams, Gussie (2)
Wilson, Julia
Weston Sisters
Weston, Flora
Weston, Miss L.
Young, Fannie
Zoe, Millie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST

Adams, T. (Dutch "biz").
Ainsworth, Frank K. (2)
Ashley, Billy (Dutch "biz")
Allinson, J. W.
Alleyne, E. T. J.
Aymar, Willie T.
Arbuckle, M. (musician)
Allen, D. (of "Bl'k Crook" Co.)
Andrew, Albert
Atkins, W. (of Gt. East. Cir.)
Abrendt, Carl
Adams, Grimaldi
Byron, O. Doud
Bailey, Harry
Beatty, Robt. H.
Burch, R. S.
Blabee, Frank
Breed & Downie
Brown, E. B.
Bloomer Bros.
Brewster, Geo.
Brown & Gleason
Bird, Harry
Boles, Thos.
Burgess, Joe
Burton, Tommy (candy "biz")
Berger, Fred G. (2 &c.
Buckley, H. (of Buckley'sMinnpo.)
Boni, Prof. & (show "biz")
Benton, C. (of "UncleTom'sCab"Co.)
Brooks, Ellis
Baker & Farron
Brophy, Thos. C.
Bratton, Mike M.
Burnell, Geo.
Beligne, J. R.
Bald & Bald & Bassett
Burnabee, H. C.
Briggs, P. H.
Brooks, Silas
Brown, W. R. bus. manag.
Carberry, Jno. P.
Chase, W. J.
Chapman, "spy"
Converse, Frank B
Cameron, Jas. "Cremeatia"
Colville, Silas
Crew, Gilbert (2)
Carl, Jno. C.
Crosby, Fred
Crosby, Oriental, 2
Collins, Jas.
Culbertson, Frank T.
Cohan, Jerry
Chapman, D. D.
Charles C. (brother of G. Charles)
Crispin, H.
Church, Chas. L.
Cambridge, A. G. (2)
Connolly, Chas. M.
Cooper, Jas. (circus prop.)
Casim, Mr.
Cirlski, Martini
Costello, Fred
Corbyn, Wilson B
Charles, Jas. (2)
Coles' E. (of Coles "Bl'k Fiend"Co.)
Dutton, Charles
Dobson, Frank B (2)
Deverell, Thos. R
Dingess, Jas. E.
Devere, Dan (banjoist, etc.)
Dupree, Jack H.
De Glorion, W.
De Castra, G. H.
Dunn, Jno. (2)
Dumont, Frank (2)
Davis, Charlie (of Murray & Davis)
Davis, J. Chas.
Dutton, Wm. (circus "biz")
Dewalt, Sr. (bird performer)
Dunbar, H. C.
Day, Chas.
De Haven, Claude (2)
Daly, Augustin
Ellis, Charles
Emmet, J. K.
Enos, Albert G.
Foster, G. C.
Fox, Chas. (Dutch "biz")
Fox, Thos. B.
Franklin, Harry
Fennell, H. (musician)
French, Arthur (pantomimist)
Franklin, J. C.
Frohman, Gustave (2)
Forbes, Chas. (manager) (2)
Fox, J. W. (with Haverly)
Fowler, W. W. (2)
Fun Jubilee Singers
Forrester, N. C. (2)
Fleming, Jno. P.
Faustine, M.
Gardiner, Harry (comed.)
Gerry, D. S.
Gilmore, Lizzie
Haynes, Jane
Hogan, Con
Hathaway, C. S.
Haines, H. B.
Hume, Dick (2)
Hart, Thos. (circus agent)
Hodges, D. B.
Hernandez, Arthur
Henry, Wm. B.
Hennessy, G. B.
Henry, Hi
"Iron Clad" (4)
Jones, Frank
Jefferson, Jos. ("Rip")
Jones, Mrs. V. (of Martino Co.)
King Bros.
Keyes, D. A.
Kane, Thos.
King, T. C.
Kingslow, J. (mgr.)
Leavitt, Harry
Little, Chas.
Le Grand, —(with Berger Family)(2)
Lawlor, Wm. H. (circus agent)
Lang, Joe
Lewis, Annie
Lawson, Mrs.
Long, Georgie
Miller, Adelaide3c.
McEvoy, J. L.
Murray, J. H. (circus prop.)
Maddocks, Levi J.
Melville, Maginly & Cook's Circus
Mayo, Dan D.
Mayerine, F. (musician)
McNay, Andy 3c.
Mitchell, Wm. (firereater)
Menter, A. E.
Middleton, Geo. Wesley
Mack, J. H (of Robins Parts' Pant. Co.)
Masters, John
McEvoy, W. B.
Mathews, Jas. S.6c
Mara, Wm. A. (manager)
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Moore, Geo. F.
Miller, Harry
Mitchell, C. W. (adv. agent)
Mortimer, Gus (2)
Mason, Jr., E. (late Mad. Mac. Mick"
McDonald, G. B
Peak, Ed. S.
Quinley, Chris.
Ready, J. (prop agent)
Redave, Frank
Robinson, —"Yankee" (2)
Raynor, Harry
Rubens, Ludwig 3c.
Rice, C. H.
Rosarce, L. (manager)
Roland, Jas.
Rigford, H. (with Washburn)
Rowe, Walter
Reed, Chas. F.
Roscoe, Mr. (show "biz")
Richards, Geo.
Reichling, C. (violinist)
Rogers, Loraine
Roche, Frank
Rutor, E. M.
Runnells, Fred
Ray, Billy
Rubini, Phillip
Rivers, Jno. C.
Roche, Jas.
Robinson, Jas.
Reynolds, J. P.
Smith, W. A. T.
Skelton, Jno. (with Tonev Denny)
Smith, Dunk (with Dup. & Ben.)
Southard, Mr.
Sheridan, Mack & Day (comb.)
Simpson, E. D.
Sullivan, Chas.
Stanley, Ernest
Sanborn, W. (planist)
Stokes, Morton V. (2)
Stock, I. (of Wildman's Co.)
Schmidt, Ned (musician)
Stokes, Chas.
Stone, Geo.
Smith & Mack
Sexton, Prof. M. C.
Sheridan & Mack
Shunnate, "Jack"
Shears, Jno. A. (2)
Smith, M. A. (late of Queen's Cir.)
Sivalls, Chas.
Toomey, W. F. (2)
Tyler, Geo. H.
Tuck, Dan
L. Fox
Traitel, David
Thompson, J. & John A. ("On Hand") 6c
Van Amburg's Can-ine (ordinary Cir.)
Vincent, Wm. H.
Vox Ettie E. (musician)
Wildman, F. J.
Weaver, Add
Ware, Geo.
Wallace, Gus
Ward, H. (of Katie Sisters)
Wood

FROM CHICAGO, Ill., concerning amusements, our correspondent writes without date as follows: "Hen ry Dunbar' has been the reigning play at Hooley's The atre during the week, and the production has me with a flattering reception. The cast include Miss Blanche De Bar, who for a season will relieve Miss Hawthorne, while that lady goes South for re cuperation. Miss De Bar plays Margaret Wentwort admirably, and makes the change to the broad Irish part in the last act with such effect as to perfectly astonish the audience. Her manner warrants the b lief of the lady would signalize herself in broa comedy roles. James O'Neil plays Henry Dunbar, by the way, appears to be fond of old-man characters, as witness his successful appearances Fuller Allen, Job Amroyd and Henry Dunbar. Wi. Hoane and Nate Salsbury have felicitous roles n respective parts of the Major and the Detectiv, and Ed. Buckley plays Clement Austin in an easy an praiseworthy manner. Miss Nellie McHenry is rpidly improving. Salsbury takes his annual benefit March 20, and as he is one of the pets of the public, ly reason of his studied and careful impersonation, he is good for a bumper. The bill includes 'Jons' Baby,' with Crane as Jones; a recitation; an act from 'The Merchant of Venice,' with Salsbury as Shylock; and other attractive features..... the return of J. L. Toole to the Academy has t ended very fair audiences throughout the week, nd he is to remain another week in the place of oe Murphy. Mr. Toole opened in 'Dearer Than life,' and in addition gave his sketch called The Artful Dodger.' He has already received favorable notice in THE CLIPPER, and as his coany includes the same people as were with him n previous visit, there is nothing to note save be satisfaction which his performances give, as is evinced by the attendance, which includes the better portion of our theatregoers. He plays Caleb Plum ar all next (this) week, with a change of face and ng.....Mr. Lawrence Barrett, an actor who is much appreciated in Chicago, will commencean engagement at McVicker's Theatre March 22. Mrs. Rosby has been playing at this theatre, but, from bad weather or bad business, became indisposed, and has not appeared since Tuesday night..... Mrs. Jean Davenport Lander and Mr. Frank Lander are in the city, enjoying a brief season of rest. .....Edwin Browne and Miss Josie Crocker, until recently supporting Ada Gray, arrived here on the 12th. Mr. Browne has formed a compact with Mr. Frank E. Aiken, and these gentlemen, with a good company, start on the road about the middle of April. Browne will probably play Jack Harkaway at the Adelphi in the meantime."

AT HOOLEY'S OPERA-HOUSE, Brooklyn, L. I., under the management of W. M. Lannier, Mlle. Maritta Ravel supported by Mr. E. Lay, appeared in "the French spy" during the past week, with the Irish drama "Pyke O'Callaghan," added 15, 16, 17 and 18, as a "go back" concluding the performance 18, 19, 20. The grand Arab dance introduced during the secondact of the first-named piece by Mlle. Ravel, and the sword combat with Mr. Lay, were exceedingly good. A.H. Beverly, F. F. Davis, George France, J. M. Burke, and Mrs. Maggie and Miss Viola Salisbury were the able supporters of the stock company. Mlle. Ravel and Mr. Lay appear in Hartford, Ct., 22, 23, Springfield, Mass., 24, 25, New Haven, Ct., 26, 27, Bridgeport 29..... At the Academy of Music a company from Augustin Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre, N. Y., acted "The Big Bonanza" to a splendid house March 17. On March 18 Mme. Adelaide Hasted in "Elizabeth, Queen of England." The house was crowded. Mrs. Conway's Brooklyn Theatre Mr. Lawrence Barrett's engagement commenced March 15, with the production, for the first time in Brooklyn, of "Harebell, or the Maid o' Airlie," which was repeated 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 and 22, and is be one of the pets of the public, by reason of his studied and careful impersonation, he is good for a bumper. The bill includes 'Jons' Baby,' with Crane as Jones; a recitation; an act from 'The Merchant of Venice,' with Salsbury as Shylock; and other attractive features..... the return of J. L. Toole to the Academy has t ended very fair audiences throughout the week, nd he is to remain another week in the place of oe Murphy. Mr. Toole opened in 'Dearer Than life,' and in addition gave his sketch called The Artful Dodger.' He has already received favorable notice in THE CLIPPER, and as his coany includes the same people as were with him n previous visit, there is nothing to note save be satisfaction which his performances give, as is evinced by the attendance, which includes the better portion of our theatregoers. He plays Caleb Plum ar all next (this) week, with a change of face and ng.....Mr. Lawrence Barrett, an actor who is much appreciated in Chicago, will commencean engagement at McVicker's Theatre March 22. Mrs. Rosby has been playing at this theatre, but, from bad weather or bad business, became indisposed, and has not appeared since Tuesday night..... Mrs. Jean Davenport Lander and Mr. Frank Lander are in the city, enjoying a brief season of rest. .....Edwin Browne and Miss Josie Crocker, until recently supporting Ada Gray, arrived here on the 12th. Mr. Browne has formed a compact with Mr. Frank E. Aiken, and these gentlemen, with a good company, start on the road about the middle of April. Browne will probably play Jack Harkaway at the Adelphi in the meantime."

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ROBERT MCWADE, supported by the Gilbert Sisters' Dramatic Company, performed at Montgomery, Ala., March 15, 16, 8.ma 17, 18, 19, 20. Route: Vicksburg 22, 23, 24, 25.

JOHN THOMPSON and a company performed "Dixie" at the Opera-house, Newark, N. J., to a good house, on March 17. Route: Williamsburg, L. I., 22, 23, thence South.

CLARA WILDMAN and dramatic company were at Raleigh, N. C., March 18, 19, 20. Route: Newberne, Petersburg, Va., and Richmond. While performing at Charlotte, N. C., Clara Wildman was presented with the entire corps of *The Observer* office with a toilet set of solid silver.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., our customary letter, dated March 13, is as appended:

Miss Clara Morris began a second engagement at the California Theatre March 8 in "Jane Shore." The enthusiastic audiences when Jane Shore came upon the stage demonstrated how deep and favorable was the impression left by the results of her former engagement. Besides the natural concern taken in her appearance at any time, there was additional interest attached to this, because it was known she would play Jane Shore for the first time. The audience in attendance was numerous, and followed the performance with thoughtful and appreciative attention. There was a great deal of applause and many calls before the curtain during the evening; the tragedy, or rather the acting of it, being received with favor that was as emphatic as unusual. Miss Morris's new was unmistakable, and in fact is therefore with diffidence that some observations of a critical nature are made upon the performance. Miss Morris has not studied any particular school, nor has she chosen to play Jane She simply displayed the ability to play other characters, different in nature from those she won her reputation in, very acceptably. No one could object to her performance as wanting in either art or intelligence; but few, probably, would make of it a subject of exceptional praise. It has the merits and faults that might be expected from an actress of Miss Morris's experience and peculiar talents. It is highly pathetic, and the death is painful in its startling realism. Otherwise it is lacking something in elocutionary power. Miss Morris from her style and, though having little expression for Rowe's rhetorical poetry. Miss Pateman, on the other hand, as Alicia was all deportment. The spectacle was presented on the part ladies each having the part wanted by the other. Miss Pateman being deficient in feeling. Mr. Barton Hill exhibited sterling dramatic abilities as Hastings, and Mr. T. W. Keene was an impressive and passionate Gloster. On the 10th Miss Clara Morris made a notable triumph in creating Marguerite in Mr. Barton Hill's adaptation of that name from the French of MM. Bourgeois and Masson-Sare Alike, No other char ac ter Miss Morris has acted in this season has presented her talents in so shining a light as this Marguerite. Before proceeding to outline the plot of the drama, the cast is given here:

Marguerite	Miss Clara Morris	Edwards.	
Theresa	Mrs. Judah	Christian	Nelson Decker.
Bridgette	Carrie Wyatt	Kurtz	John Torrense.
Ida	Ellie Wilton	Bob	John Wilson.
Rosabla	Jennie Lee	Alcindor	J. P. Burnett.
Ktette	Mrs Saunders	Soliman	Robt. Pateman.
Elize	Louise Johnston	Frantz	Murry Woods.
Marie	Tillie Darling	Arnold	C. H. Mestayer.
Paul Berghen	T. W. Keene	Officer	H. Mathews.

The scene of the drama is laid in Savoy. Marguerite is the daughter of a well-to-do blacksmith, in obedience to her parents' wishes, has been married to Paul Berghen, a prudent and honest workman, without having any feeling toward him other than respect. They have a child, and the surroundings of their home are not only comfortable but pleasant. Marguerite, being taken ill, is sent to Spa for her health. There she meets Christian, the Count de Rudorf, and with him falls in love. The Count becomes his mistress, but assumes his name, having been vaguely promised that as soon as the permission of his parents is given she will be made a wife. The situation the drama begins. Paul Berghen, ignorant of his wife's sin, sets out with a joyful heart to bring her home from Spa. Soon after his departure Marguerite by stealth enters the house with her child once more before fortune of the Count. She is discovered, and, before she is able to retire, Paul Berghen, who has learned of his wife's guilt, suddenly appears. Cursing her forever, Marguerite finally fails to the floor overwhelmed by grief and shame. This ends the first act. Marguerite is next discovered as the mistress of the Count's house at Mulhouse. Paul Berghen is now a visitor to the place to deposit the dower his wife brought him, to her shame. He is accompanied by the child, and their presence is made known to Marguerite by a faithful servant of the Count. She appears, tells Marguerite she shall see the child. The Count, who appears, tells Marguerite she must drop his name and be content to live obscurely beneath his protection. Eagerly looking forward to the time of meeting with her child she assents to be relieved of the Count's presence. Paul Berghen comes to know who it is that wishes to see his child. To his dismay and horror he finds it to be the woman he had sworn never to look upon face to face again, but since they his met he would use the opportunity to place the dower he had brought for deposit, in her own hands. Paul Berghen, having no need to accept the money, but implores to see their child. Paul is inflexible in that she shall not speak to it, but promises that in leaving the town they will pass so she may see it from her balcony. As she is leaving her parents comes in, but, wanderers, lightnings and rains; and Marguerite is fearful they will not pass. Soon, however, they are in sight, and, quickly making a bonfire, she is enabled to attract the attention of the child, she hastens to the window to see them go by. She has reached the window and is about to step on the balcony when the lightning flashes. Marguerite screams, reels bewildered with pain—she is completely blind, and the child passes on unseen forever. This thrilling scene brings down the curtain on the second act. From this point the incidents may be run rapidly over. The Count by some strange fatality has married Paul's foster sister, Ina, and the men are introduced to each other at the birthday fete of Paul's child. Paul's first impulse is to break his friendship with Christian, and challenge him to a duel. While awaiting the deadly meeting Paul learns that Marguerite, blind and deserted, has committed suicide by drowning. The challenge is withdrawn, and Paul is arrested for murder. During the fete some strolling players have abducted the child, and Paul goes to prison utterly broken down by this new calamity. The scene changes to Lorraine, where Marguerite is discovered as a poor, infected mendicant. The strollers appear with the stolen child, who has been initiated into the mysteries of show life. Marguerite fondles the child from the resemblance of her own. The strollers pursue their journey. From the story of an innkeeper's wife Marguerite learns that was her child she had held; and, blind and almost helpless as she is, starts in pursuit of the strollers. The child is in some way recovered, and through it husband and wife are reunited. Marguerite being completely chastened, beneath much persuasion, Paul has been charitable, generous enough to take back the erring one to his bosom. As a whole, "Marguerite" is a very powerful and interesting drama. The story is well and vividly told in the first two acts, but in the third there are too many momentous incidents, and they are so crowded together the imagination is stunned by the rapid occurrence of calamities. The dialogue is good, the situations are strong; and although auxiliary is the motive from which the action springs, neither the drama nor the principal characters are repulsive. Marguerite is an erring, not a vicious, sensual woman, who accepts her terrible misfortunes as a fit reward of crime. And Miss Morris has made a great character of the part. The shame at meeting with the husband and the despair at finding the lightning had blinded her, knowing that the child was passing beneath the window and she would never see it more, were remarkable displays of magnetic emotion. And the pathos given to the blind woman's sad experience was ineffably beautiful in its touching and wistful nature. Altogether, Miss Morris' acting in "Marguerite" was of a great and exceptional nature. Mr. T. W. Keene as Paul Berghen acted uncommonly well, working up several scenes with Miss Morris with a force and power that gained instantaneous recognition. Lately Mr. Keene has done a great quantity of sterling work, and it is a pleasure to note that his name bears a genuine and growing reputation as a reliable and vigorous actor. The comic element was abundantly and effectively given by Robert Pateman, J. P. Burnett, John Wilson and Jennie Lee as the strolling players. The zest with which Mr. Pateman entered into the tumbling business was intensely amusing. On the 15th Little Nell begins a short engagement in "No Name."..... Offenbach's new opera bouffe "The Pretty Perfumer" was produced for the first time in this city at Maguire's Theatre on March 8. It has drawn good audiences all the week, and will be continued on the bills until the 22d, when "Le Petit Faust" will receive production. The music of "The Pretty Perfumer" while very pleasing to hear, is not so taking as that in some of Offenbach's other operas. The action, however, is brisk, and the libretto is well-sustained throughout. Mr. Howson, who has less singing and more acting to do than usual, appears to great advantage as Croquidere. The business at the Opera-house has varied considerably, but upon the whole has been fair. Mlle. Gracie and Mons. Leo, trapeze performers, made a successful appearance on March 8. On that date also the programme was changed in its entirety, and embraced the specialties of Billy Emerson, new songs-and-dances by Canfield and Booker, and the sketches of "The Coquettes" and "Before the War," which introduced Arlington, Rice, Kemble, Cotton, Little Nell, Emerson Allen, and G. Richards.....Lo-Lo and the De Glorion Brothers made their first appearance at John Wilson's Palace on Wednesday, the 12th, and made a great hit. Lo-Lo's leap from trapeze to trapeze through balloon hoops, was a very thrilling but graceful performance. All of the old company are still retained, including the Robinsons, the Jackleys, Romeo Sebastian, Austin, Omar Kingsley, Robert Johnston, the Arabs, etc. Mr. Wilson is now going, by long odds, the best circus exhibition that has ever been seen in California..... McDonough's Troupe of Royal Marionettes, which opened at Platt's Hall on the 8th, is doing a good business. The machinery for working the puppets became disarranged the first night when the performance was about one-third over. It was found impossible to make repairs immediately, so the audience was dismissed and the tickets returned, with the understanding that they were good for any succeeding night during the week. Miss Bateman, during Little Nell's season at the California Theatre, will play a star engagement at Sacramento, beginning on the 22d..... Mr. W. A. Mestayer will make his reappearance in the stock company at the California Theatre on the 15th in 'No Name.'..... The Alleghanians have been playing to large business at Virginia City..... Miss Katharine Rogers, supported by Manager Piper's company, will play at Stockton, San Jose and Marysville during the week commencing on March 15.

AT THE TEATRO COMIQUE, Providence, R. I., business continues good. The fresh appearances on March 15 were George S. Knight, who made such a furor here some weeks ago; Billy Noonan and Alice Bateman, in their songs-and-dances; Hurley and Marr, two first-class song-and-dance men, who introduced into their acts some new and eccentric business; the Barlow Brothers, who appear in the same line, with fine success; Francois Blitz, a very clever magician; and Wm. McGann and William Pentergast, two good actors. No departures. The same company remain another week. Religious meetings are held in this theatre every Sunday evening..... The date of the complimentary benefit to be tendered William A. Huntly is March 29, and not 26, as was announced in last week's issue..... Nelly Cavendish, balladist and serio-comic vocalist, has been engaged for Sweet and Thornton's Female Alliance..... Isidore's Varieties continues to attract fair-sized audiences. The company is made up mostly of local talent. A panorama is the latest addition. Advices of March 21.

AT THE ADELPHI, Albany, N. Y., business has been brisk during the past week, and the new enterprise seems to be meeting with success. A visible improvement over last week was noticeable in the style of the entertainments. Mike Gallagher, Johnny Palmer, Ada Freeman, La Belle Pauline, Ida Morton and Frank and Carrie Lavarnie were the announcements for March 15, but of these only the four last named opened. This is the second time Gallagher has disappointed the manager. La Belle Pauline, a rather pretty girl and nice dresser, sang serio-comic songs acceptably, and in conjunction with Ida Morton performed a dance called "La Manola." The Lavarnies appeared to advantage in a sketch entitled "Frolicsome Servants," both evincing the possession of dramatic ability. Later in the evening Miss Carrie made a hit in her character songs-and-changes, which were really good. In addition, Aubrey and King repeated their graceful aerial performances, Hillier sang comic songs, Tom Murphy danced clogs and jigs, and Nettie Taylor vocalized. Henshaw and Evans gave their specialty of "Fritzy's Good-bye" to considerable applause. Henshaw is an excellent singer and comedian, while Evans personates a girl very cleverly. Those closing March 20 are King of Aubrey and King, Hillier, who goes to Philadelphia, Nettie Taylor and Tom Murphy to New York. To open 22: Adelside Miller, Gale and Marco, and Morton and Bernardo. Billy Andrey assumes permanent control of the stage 22. Letter of March 20.

AT THE ODEON, Newark, N. J., the announcements for March 22 are Grimaldi Adams, Emma Ross, and Viro Ferrand..... At the Metropolitan, the only fresh arrival on March 15 was Mlle. Realta, who gave satisfaction in her feats of strength. The departures on the Relief Store the proceds of two concerts given Sunday afternoon and evening, March 14, the amount being $207..... At the Palace Music Hall, Julia Nagle and Joseph Thompson left for New York March 20. Dick Mack and Dave Rose are billed for 22.

THE ENTERTAINMENT at the Adelphi, Chicago, Ill., has been well received by the public. The play of "Little Rifle" presents no new features, its scenes, incidents and business being common to all similar plays. As an actor and shootist, Dashing Charley falls below the standard of "Buffalo Bill," but Alice Placide manages to lift the piece above mediocrity. The support includes Sam Piercy, who knows enough of border life to play and make up the part of the trapper very cleverly; Mr. T. J. Langdon, Mr. Radcliffe Mr. Wallace, Harry Little, Tillie Noel, Ada J. Langdon, and Miss Frankie, who, by the way, displays a natural aptitude for Irish parts, therefore playing Molly Megrath with good effect; Charley Smith is great as the negro servant. The olio includes harp-playing and dancing by Chas Diamond; athletic exercises by Crossley and Elder; a rattling clog-dance by John Williams; cornet solo by Harry Page; songs-and-dances by Cogill and Cooper; character-changes by Monroe; and Charley Howard's sketch "Nitro-glycerine." Next (this) week E. T. Stetson appears in "Neck and Neck." Mr. Fred. E. Aiken has been engaged, and is underlined for early appearance. Mr. W. W. Cole of this theatre left for Quincy early this week to attend to the preparation of his circus for the coming season. Advices without date.

AT DETROIT, MICH., was favored on March 15 with one new face and the return of several favorites at the Theatre Comique. Annie Delorme was fair in serio-comic songs, and with practice and experience will succeed. Ella Arnold made a good reputation last season as a balladist, and was enthusiastically received this time. Tom Warfield had to return two encores in his dance in his specialty. Old favorites, Harry and Fanny Wood, came back after a short absence, and seemed to please more than ever; the audiences never grow weary of them. Closing on the 20th are the Zig-Zag Troupe, Sophia Osborn, Mlle. Gassellin, for Peoria, Ill.; Nellie Forrester, East Saginaw; the Victorelli Brothers, Chicago. On the 22d we are to have Reynolds Brothers' Minstrels and the La Verde Family. Wm. Lucker, violinist of the Lucker Brothers' orchestra, known to all variety professionals, died on the 15th, leaving only one brother (John) of the original orchestra of six..... Mr. and Mrs. George Ware open at the Opera-house March 22. Letter of March 20.

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THE ONLY ADDITION to the company at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O. March 16, was Frank Gibbons, who, by missing railway connection, failed to arrive in time to open 15. The departures 20 will be Johnny Reese to Baltimore, Billy Sharp to Grand Rapids, Frank Gibbons to Buffalo, Borthwick Reid to Indianapolis, and Flora McDonald to Toledo. The new people underlined for the 22d are May Franks, Frank Jones, De Witt Cookseand Matty Thomas. Business has been moderate. Advices of March 19.

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CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS concluded a week's traveling season over the New England circuit at Hartford, Ct., March 20, attracting a large audience, despite the inclement weather. Route: Bridgeport 22, Paterson, N. J., 23, Newark 24, New Brunswick 25, Trenton 26, Norristown, Pa., 27.

J. H. HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS opened March 15 at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., to immense business, which did not decrease all the week. The talent presented is very fine. Milt. G. Barlow's old plantation negroisms seemed to be a leading card, though the position was hotly contested by Geo. Wilson, who has wonderfully improved since his last appearance there. D. L. Morris presents a vein of humor very original. The double-clog of Primrose and West is remarkable for time and mesmerism; the singing of Dixon is very fine. Route: Springfield, Ill., March 22, Danville 23, Bloomington 24, Peoria 25, Rock Island 26, Davenport 27.

THE MINSTREL entertainment at Kelly & Leon's, Chicago, Ill., continues attractive, drawing upon the best element of playgoers. The bill is not materially changed from that of last week. "Mesmerism" is the only new act, and that is illustrated by Surridge, Dave Wilson, and Wambold. The "Phantom Chorus" from Somnambula is given for a finale to first-part, and is rendered with excellent voice and harmony. This week "Barbe Bleue."

CALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS, now in their last week at Robinson Hall, this city, have been unusually successful, artistically and financially. *The Daily Graphic* says of them:

It is the best troupe we have ever seen. Any one of their four end-men is equal to the best end-man of any other troupe. Full of genuine humor, fun and extravaganza, the company is unsurpassed.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS are still meeting with success, and business is reported to be large at all points. The appended laudatory notice of their performance is copied from *The Daily Sentinel*, Indianapolis, March 14:

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS.—An audience, embracing many members of the Legislature and the learned professions, together with the elite of the city, crowded the Academy last evening to witness the performance of this truly admirable troupe. It is, within the province of the negro minstrel to instruct as well as entertain, to mingle laughter with reflection. This troupe can honestly lay claim to a higher order of excellence than any other in existence. Within five weeks they have appeared twice in our city to the largest audiences that have ever assembled within the Academy. So great has been the demand for seats that standing-room greeted the beholder upon his application, and before the performance hundreds were turned away, unable to gain admittance. Such a compliment was never before in the history of the Academy. The same story is told everywhere through our exchanges. The public look for their coming as a welcome event, and why? Because, while they are artists upon the stage striving to amuse, in everyday life they behave as gentlemen conscious of the amenities that constitute the true gentleman, to good behavior. Nothing in the entire bill, varied as it is, betrays the slightest tinge of vulgarity—with this company low-making is an art, and a vulgarism a study. Their jokes are not of the gather material, and the evidence of earnest work and constant practice is seen in the entire change of bill. New faces crept in, many old favorites left, but the talent of the company, unusual talents as specialty artists, and all so thoroughly drilled as to produce harmony of sound and symmetry of action. The special feature of organization with which this company is identified is the fairies' ballet. You laugh at the wit and grimace, and you are charmed at the full round tone and sweet pathos of the simple ballad, aided by a chorus of voices that are rare in a popular band of melody. The cloggist claims attention and the negro act convulses with laughter, while the Dutch dialect dropping scintillations of humor from black lips creates a performance that softens the asperities of life with its laughter and its song. Haverly is the head, the planner and the engineer of this entertainment; he caters for public approval, and gains success by observing it.

CIRCUSES.

To Circus Proprietors, Managers, and Agents.

In accordance with our usual custom, we shall publish in THE CLIPPER dated April 17 an authentic record of the various tenting shows which will travel during the ensuing season. Managers and agents will please send in their routes as early as practicable, and they should reach this office not later than April 6. Any items of general interest, other than a list of the people engaged, etc., which they may wish recorded, will receive due attention.

ALL PARTIES engaged for the concert and other privileges connected with Howe's London Circus are requested, in a card elsewhere, to report at Connersville, Ind., April 13. G. B. Harcourt is especially requested to communicate.

WM. KING, billposter of Reading, Pa., goes with Howes & Cushing's Circus for the coming season.

PROF. COLVIN, Oriental wizard, desires an engagement with a circus or sideshow. See card.

AN EDUCATED HOG, with trainer, can be engaged for a sideshow by addressing Jim Howell, who advertises.

THE FIDELLO BROS., contortionists, tumblers and bar performers, whose address find elsewhere, want engagements.

THE GREAT "SEPOY" CANNON will be used to shoot a real man at a mark with "Old Yankee" Robinson's show. Den and Lillie Howe, Jerry Hopper in his 16ft. stilts, Jake Showles and wife, Willie Showles and their performing stock will also travel with him: likewise G. W. Hall's Arlington solo band, Jo. Tinkham and Mlle. Carlotta, gymnasts.

ANNIE TATTON advertises for a position as child's nurse or lady's maid for the tenting season.

THE BELL BROTHERS, who can do a posturing act and a contortion and clown act, want an engagement with a good circus. See card.

THE VICTORELLIS—John and William—gymnasts, are prepared to arrange for the tenting season. Address Simmonds & Wall, as per advertisement.

FRANK A. PAGE of Bridgeport, Ct., for the last two seasons with Lent's Circus, is engaged with Barnum's Hippodrome as programmer and poster for the coming season.

PROF. ORRIN and pupils, acrobats and gymnasts, advertise that they can be engaged.

WALLA AND NELLIE LEONARD, aerial gymnasts, who have just arrived from Havana, Cuba, are at liberty for the tenting season. See card.

AYMAR'S CIRCUS, now in Mexico, will ship direct to Havana, Cuba, business being very bad in

TERMS:
Single copy, 10 cents. Per annum, $5.00 in advance.
To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents is made from each yearly subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British Provinces, $1.00 per annum extra, to cover postage.
ADVERTISING under the head of Amusements, 15 cents per line for each insertion.
Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements, 20 cents per line for each insertion.
Extracts from other papers, incorporated in news department, $1 cents per line.
Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion, and liberal discount made when paid for three months or longer in advance.
FRANK QUEEN Editor and Proprietor
CLIPPER BUILDING, Centre and Leonard streets, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

CLIPPER ALMANAC
FOR 1875.
THE NEW YORK
CLIPPER ALMANAC
FOR 1875.
PRICE 15 CENTS.
NEWSDEALERS AND AGENTS.
SEND YOUR ORDERS TO OUR WHOLESALE AGENTS,
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY.
117 to 121 Nassau street, New York.

WANTED, A GOOD SECOND-HAND OXY-HYG. STEREOPTICON LANTERN, with or without slides.
A. B. DORMAN,
52-1t* Box 338, Willimantic, Ct.

WOULD LIKE TO HEAR from parties that make balloon ascensions, also from those that furnish their own balloon. SAM COLE,
52-2t* Cole's Circus, St. Thomas, Canada.

BRANT'S HALL,
HARRISBURG, PA.
For rent for variety business and traveling companies. One night $20; one week $100; and for the season, lower rates. Address JNO. H. BRANT, Proprietor. 52-8t

CHAS. HELME,
ADVERTISING AND PRESS AGENT,
would like an engagement with a good solid CONCERT OR BELL-RINGING PARTY.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Address FRIENDSHIP,
52-1t* New York.

NOTICE TO MANAGERS.
MR. J. CARDELLA
concluded a successful engagement of four months at the METROPOLITAN THEATRE, INDIANAPOLIS, IND., on March 1. He is at present at liberty to engage as a first-class
BALLET MASTER.
Any manager wishing to negotiate will please address
J. CARDELLA,
52-3t 35 N. Front st., Baltimore, Md.

OVERTURES. JUST PUBLISHED, viz.:
POET AND PEASANT, BOHEMIAN GIRL,
FRA DIAVOLO, ZAMPA, MEDLEY,
ONE MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT.
These overtures are arranged and adapted to suit the wants of small orchestras of five or six instruments. Price $1 each; for full orchestra, price $2 each. Send for catalogue. G. H. ROWE, 268 Washington st., Boston, Mass. 1t*

WANT ENGAGEMENT with sideshow as crier, have a beautiful Albino boy and the Mysterious Hindoo Box. [52-1t* THOS. OLIVER HALL, Berlin, Ont.

TO RESPONSIBLE MANAGERS.—R. H. HUTCHINSON is open for an engagement for Second Walking Gent. Reference furnished if required.
Address care of GARRETT BROS.,
52-2t* 828 Arch st., Philadelphia.

FOX'S OPERA-HOUSE,
HERKIMER, N. Y.
Newly fitted up with a full set of scenery on flats, dressing-rooms, traps, etc. Seating capacity, 800. Street-cars connect with Ilion and Mohawk. First-class parties treated with on reasonable terms. CHAS. J. FOX,
40-13t* Proprietor.

WILL P. STANLEY, IN HIS GREAT SENSATION DRAMA, in prologue and three acts, entitled
UNDER A CLOUD,
for one week at Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C., March 15. Managers having open dates, please address WILL P. STANLEY, care Chas. H. Flemming, Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md. 50-3t*

ACTORS AND ACTRESSES
WISHING
"CRAYON PORTRAITS"
can have them executed in the
VERY LATEST AND BEST STYLE,
from $10 upward.
Cartes de Visites and Portraits of every description copied to ANY size. Address FRED A BANCKER,
Artist in Crayon,
50-6t* P. O. Box 180, Brooklyn, N. Y.

JOE P. MARSTON,
MANAGER
CAL WAGNER'S MINSTRELS
Address all letters P. O. Box 455,
42-13t* NILES, MICH.

ALLEN, THE ADVANCE
AGENT, WILL BE AT LIBERTY MARCH 20.
Address C. V. ALLEN,
Box 881, Aurora, Ill.
N. B.—Satisfaction guaranteed, or no pay. 51-2t*

LIFTING MACHINES, LUNG TESTERS.—Three different styles of Lifting Machines, iron and brass, straight gauge and dial. Lung Testers constantly on hand. Striking Machines made to order. All machines warranted. Address, with stamp for price list, E. G. SMITH, 9 Merrell's Court, Lowell, Mass. 50-6t

WANTED AT ALL TIMES,
FIRST-CLASS
SPECIALTY ARTISTS.
Also, small combinations of three and four performers, in SKETCHES,
PANTOMIMES,
SONGS AND DUETS.
Must be sober people. Direct FRED. WALDMAN,
Metropolitan Hall,
50-13t* 162 and 164 Market street, Newark, N. J.

TO GYMNASTS.
C. H. HAWKINS,
No. 118 East Thirteenth Street, N. Y.,
Maker of gymnastic apparatus, horizontal bar with steel centre; leaping bars of lancewood, dancing barrels, globes, and parlor rowing machine; noiseless and durable, etc. 43-13t*

BLANCHE DE BAR,
temporarily at
CHICAGO MUSEUM.
BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS
should be addressed
Care of GEO. S. THURBER,
51-2t* 119 Randolph st., Chicago, Ill.

TO MUSICIANS.—IMPROVED violin and bass rosin, the best in use. Price 25 cts. per box, post-paid. Address G. SALOMONS, Lynn, Mass. 51-4t*

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.
BARTHOLOMEW'S
EDUCATED WILD HORSES
and other animals will start from Denver, Col., from the
1ST TO THE 15TH OF APRIL, 1875,
on an extensive tour through the Middle and Eastern States with the most wonderful, extraordinary and original exhibition in the world. The public for time out of mind have witnessed in circuses trained and trick horses all doing the same tricks and adhering to the old routine; in fact, nothing new has been seen for the last fifty years until Mr. George Bartholomew, who comes like a new revelation, and thoroughly revolutionizes the old order of things. Grace Greenwood, John W. Jenkins, acting Governor, and numerous other scientists, say the marvelous things these creatures do must be seen to be believed.
FOR SALE.
SIDESHOW AND CANDY PRIVILEGES
OF
BARTHOLOMEW'S WILD ANIMAL EXHIBITION.
Seating capacity of canvas 2,500. For terms address
CHAS. A. HARSEN,
50-3t* Box 76, Denver, Col.

THE NEW
GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE,
TROY, N. Y.
THOMAS MILLER.....Sole Proprietor
Will open on or about May 3 as a first-class variety theatre, to be kept open year round. This theatre, for its size, will be one of the finest in the State. Iron opera-chairs, and all modern improvements. Due notice will be given for open dates to first-class talent. 51-2t*

NOTICE.—WANTED, A POSITION as Side Drummer. Can give good reference. Address N. N. STILLMAN, care Thos. Kingland, 422 Broome st., N. Y. 51-3t*

A SENSATION.
IT'S BILLIARDS ON THE BRAIN.
This great comic song is an
IMMENSE SUCCESS,
and is being sung all over the country. Version for ladies or gentlemen,
PRICE 30 CENTS.
20 very funny pictures on the title page. Published by
WM. A. POND & CO.,
51-3t* 547 Broadway, N. Y.

TOWER REYNOLDS, FEMALE IMPERSONATOR, SWORD SWALLOWER and MAGICIAN, for the traveling season. Nos. 84 and 86, Room 43, Lasalle street, Chicago, Ill. 51-3t*

TO BE LET,
THE NEW MASONIC TEMPLE,
CORNER OF 23D STREET AND 6TH AVENUE,
NEW YORK
(Opposite Booth's Theatre).
This elegant and commodious hall can be rented for concerts and lectures. Apply to JAMES M. AUSTIN, M.D.,
51-3t Grand Secretary, Masonic Temple.

THE JOHNSON BROTHERS, double trapeze and horizontal bar performers, can be engaged for the coming tenting season with some traveling company. Address JOHNSON BROS., Elmer, Salem Co., New Jersey. 51-2t*

WHO SPEAKS FIRST? Variety and Negro Sketches, Burlesques, Farces, Acts, etc., also Sensation and Specialty Dramas, written by I. DAVEAU, 116 South First st., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y. 51-2t*

NOTICE TO SHOWMEN.
MADAME SQUIRES
of Massachussetts, the celebrated and original American bearded lady, and the best card of a bearded lady ever on exhibition. Can be engaged for the coming season. Address MADAME SQUIRES, Hamilton, Ontario.
Reference: P. T. Barnum's Hippodrome. 51-2t*

FRESH LAGER BIER
can always be found at
HERMAN GROBE'S, No. 74 Prince street, N. Y.,
the favorite resort of the theatrical profession, middle of block, first street below Metropolitan Hotel. 51-13t

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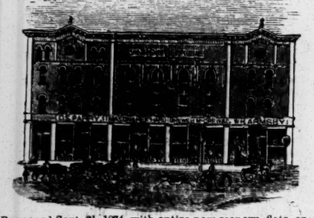
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